This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

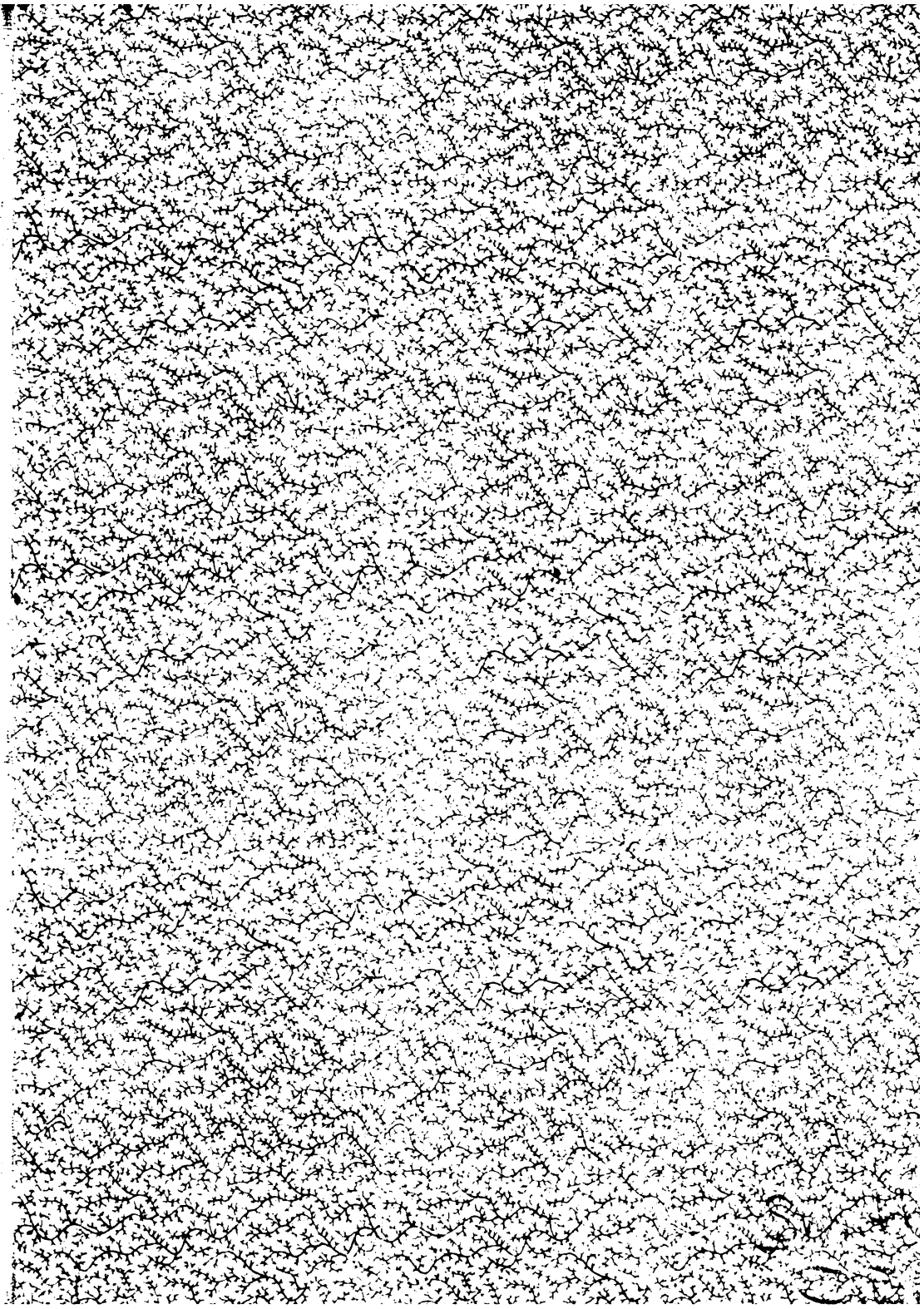
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

LENOX LIBRARY

Bancroft Collection.
Purchased in 1893.



A TRIP TO ENGLAND

BY

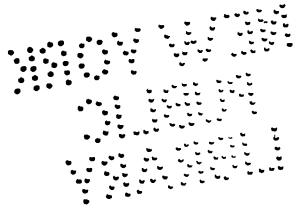
GOLDWIN SMITH.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

REPRINTED BY REQUEST FROM "THE WEEK."

TORONTO:
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON.
1888.

S.C.F.



LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

A TRIP TO ENGLAND.

IT seems useful in visiting a country to have not only a guide to places and routes, but a framework for observations and recollections. Otherwise the effect produced on the retina of the mind is apt to be like that produced by a whirl of successive sights on the retina of the eye. This is particularly the case when the objects of interest are of so many different kinds as they are in England. To furnish such a framework is the limited aim of this paper, which is an expansion of a lecture delivered to friends.

The voyage to England is now easy enough, barring that curious little malady which still defies medical science to trace its cause and is so capricious in its range, often taking the strong and leaving the weak. There is nothing to be said about the voyage. Only as we career over those wild waters in a vast floating hotel at the rate of five hundred miles a day let us pay a tribute to the brave hearts which first crossed them in mere boats without charts or science of navigation. In the marvellous strides which of late years humanity has taken nothing is more marvellous or more momentous than the unification of the world by the extinction of distance. Already we have made one harvest: we are fast making one mind and one heart for the world.

As an old country, England perhaps is naturally regarded first from the historical point of view, and especially by us of whose history she is the scene, whose monuments and the graves of whose ancestors she holds in her keeping. It is an advantage which Canadians have over Americans that they have not broken with their history and cast off the influences,

Indeed but they have broken. Canada was French & the connection with France was broken

at once exalting and sobering, which the record of a long and grand foretime exerts upon the mind of a community. An American has no history before the Revolution, which took place at the end of the last century. In his parlance, "Revolutionary" denotes that which is most ancient: it is to the American the equivalent for "Norman." He says that the "Revolutionary" so and so was his ancestor, as an English nobleman would say that his ancestors came in with the Conquest.

Looking at the subject historically, we have the England of the ancient Britons, Roman England, Saxon England, the England of the Middle Ages, the England of the Tudors, the England of the Stuarts, the England of Anne and the Georges, all represented by their monuments. Of the primitive habits of the Britons we have monuments in hut-circles of British villages still to be seen on Exmoor, where the wild stag finds a shelter, and on wolds and downs, near Whitby or Marlborough, where the traces of the primeval world have not yet been effaced by the plough. Of their wild tribal wars we have monuments in the numerous earthworks, quite forts or places of refuge for the tribe, which crown many a hill and of which perhaps the largest and most striking is the triple rampart of "Maiden Castle" on a hill near Dorchester. Of their dark and bloody superstition and of the blind submissiveness to priestly power still characteristic of the race, we have a monument in Abury, with its avenues of huge stones and the great circular earthwork from which, if the antiquaries are right, a dense ring of awe-struck worshippers gazed, perhaps by night, on the mystic forms of the priests moving among the sacrificial fires; and another in Stonehenge, which seems almost certainly to have been a temple, and which though it may somewhat disappoint in size will not disappoint in weirdness, if you see it, as it should be seen, on a dark evening when it stands amidst a number of other primeval relics on the lonely expanse of Salisbury Plain. Of the taste and skill in decoration wherewith the Celtic race was more largely gifted than with any faculty or quality which helps to form the solid basis of civilization, we have proofs in the golden torques and other ornaments, found in barrows, of which the Celtic museum at Dublin displays a glittering array. Sepulchral barrows also abound, and are memorials at once of loyal reverence for chieftainship and of the early craving for posthumous fame. The interest of Celtic monuments and antiquities belongs not merely to the past.

They are the records of a race which still lives, with much of its original character, both political and religious, in those parts of the two islands where the Celt found refuge in natural fastnesses from the sword of the Saxon conqueror—in the hill country of Devonshire and Cornwall, in the Welsh mountains and the Highlands of Scotland, but above all in Ireland, where the weaker race was sheltered by the sea. The history of England from one point of view may be regarded as a long effort to impart the political sentiments and institutions of the Anglo-Saxon to the remnants of the Celtic population. In Cornwall and Devonshire and in the Highlands of Scotland this, thanks to the co-operation of Protestantism with Constitutionalism, has been in large measure achieved: in Wales the work is less complete, the Welsh in the more mountainous districts retaining with the language much of the original character of their race. The Irish question, which is mainly one of race, is in all its perplexity still before us.

Of the Roman Empire Britain was the remotest Western Province, the last won and the first lost, the one which imbibed least of the Roman civilization. The monuments of Roman occupation are proportionate in scale, and will not bear comparison with Verona, Arles, or Treves; yet they wear the majestic impress of the Empire, which built as if it were eternal. Between the Solway and the Tyne are seen the massive remains of the great Roman wall, the western wing of a line of defences which guarded civilization against the inroads of barbarism from the Solway to the Euphrates. In different parts of the country may still be traced the Roman roads, which run straight and regardless of obstacles as the march of Roman ambition itself, and which extending over the whole of the world under Roman sway first united the nations by universal lines of communication. Many too of the Roman camps remain, distinguished by their regular form, as the camps of discipline, from the irregular earthworks of the Britons, and fancy may people them with the forms of the legionaries resting after their long march, or in the case of the standing camps *(castra stativa)*, drilling and messing in their permanent quarters. At Richborough (Rutupiæ), which was the favourite landing-place, the Roman remains are very imposing. But the English Pompeii is Silchester (Callera Abrebatum), three miles from the Mortimer station of the railway between Reading and Basingstoke. The walls of the city have defied time and the destroyer: they stand almost intact; but the city having been

probably stormed and burned by the barbarians, of the houses the basements alone remain, with the hypocausts, or furnaces, which warmed the rooms, and which must have been sorely needed by the Italian under British skies. The lines of the streets, with the plan of the judgment-hall (prætorium) are plainly visible. Outside the walls is the amphitheatre, in which no doubt the gay Roman officer, condemned to these remote and unfestive quarters, tried to indemnify himself for his loss of the Colosseum. The remains of villas with their tesselated pavements are found in different parts of England, proving that the country had been thoroughly subdued and that the Roman magnate could enjoy country life in safety. Inscriptions, coins, weapons, sepulchral urns, pottery, abound in the museums. In the museum at York is a touching antiquity—a tress of a Roman lady's hair. Of coins, 140,000 have been found at Richborough. Great quantities are sometimes turned up by the spade or plough. The Roman retiring before barbarian invasion perhaps buried his hoard, thinking to come back for it, but came back no more. We look with interest on all the memorials of a race, which in so many ways, and above all as the founder of law, has stamped its image on humanity. But Britain, unlike Italy, France, and Spain, retained nothing of the Roman Province except its ruins. Her character and institutions, as well as her language, were those of a fresh race.

The crypt of Ripon Minster was pronounced by that great antiquary, the late Mr. Henry Parker, the Church of the Saxon Apostle Wilfrid, and the earliest monument of Christianity in those parts. There are two church towers, in Saxon style, at Lincoln. There is Saxon work at Westminster, at Dover, and elsewhere. But the Saxon was not a great builder even of churches; happily for himself he was not at all a builder of castles. He thought not of magnificence but of comfort. Such art as he cultivated was rather that of the goldsmith or the embroiderer. Beautifully chased drinking cups and miracles of the needle were the trophies which William took to Normandy after the Conquest. Of Saxon tombs, burial urns, and weapons, however, there is good store. In the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, there is a gem which was found on the Isle of Athelney, where Alfred took refuge; it bears the name of Alfred, and may have belonged to the hero. But the most important monument of the Anglo-Saxons is really the White Horse, cut in a chalk down of Berkshire, about the

"cleaning" of which we have been told by Thomas Hughes. This is the trophy of a great victory gained by the Saxon over the Dane, by Christianity over heathendom, by the moral civilization bound up with Christianity over the moral barbarism of its pagan enemies. It deserves homage more than any Arc de Triomphe.

At Pevensey is the beach on which the Norman Conqueror landed. The castle on the cliff of Hastings marks the spot where he first planted his standard. From that place it is easy to trace his line of march till he saw Harold with the English army facing him on the fatal hill of Senlac. The battle-field is as well marked as that of Waterloo, and fancy can recall the charges of the Norman cavalry up the hillside against the solid formation and the shield wall of the Saxon precursors of our British infantry. The ruins of Battle Abbey, the religious trophy of the Conqueror, are still seen, and the site of the high altar exactly marks the spot where the fatal arrow entering Harold's brain slew not only a king, but a kingdom, and marred the destiny of a race. We are on the scene of one of the great catastrophes of history. Had that arrow missed its mark, Anglo-Saxon institutions would have developed in their integrity, the Anglo-Saxon tongue would have perfected itself in its purity, Anglo-Norman aristocracy would never have been, or have left its evil traces on society, the fatal connection of England and France, and the numerous French wars of the Plantagenets would have been blotted out of the book of fate.

England now becomes for four centuries and a half a member of Catholic and feudal Europe, a partaker in Crusades and a tilting-ground of chivalry. The informing spirit of this period and the basis of its peculiar morality is the Catholic religion, having its centre in the Papacy, which triumphed over national independence with the Norman, by whom its sacred banner was borne at Hastings. Of mediæval piety we have glorious monuments in the cathedrals and the great churches. Nothing so wonderful or beautiful has ever been built by man as these fanes of mediæval religion which still, surviving the faith and the civilization which reared them, soar above the din and smoke of modern life into purity and stillness. In religious impressiveness they far excel all the works of heathen art and all the classical temples of the Renaissance. Even in point of architectural skill they stand unrivalled, though they are the creations of an age before mechanical science. Their groined roofs appear still to

baffle imitation. But we do not fully comprehend the marvel, unless we imagine the cathedrals rising, as they did, out of towns which were then little better than collections of hovels, with but small accumulation of wealth, and without what we now deem the appliances of civilized life. Never did man's spiritual aspirations soar so high above the realities of his worldly lot as when he built the cathedrals. But we must not look at the cathedrals or at the churches as a group without distinguishing the periods to which they severally belong and the memories of which they recall. There are four periods, marked by the successive phases of the Gothic style: the Norman, which should rather be called Romanesque than Gothic, with its round arch; the Early English, with its pointed arch and windows without mullions; the Decorated, with its mullions and increase of ornament; the Perpendicular, the lines of which correspond to its name, while the ornament, by its tendency to excess and weakness, denotes a period of decay. We see these styles often blended together in successive portions of the same cathedral. The best and most glorious age of Catholicism, the age in which the Catholic faith was fresh, in which the morality founded on it and the heroism inspired by it were at their highest, the age in which it produced such characters as Edward I. and St. Louis, is marked by the Early English style and the transition from this to the Decorated. There is a satisfaction in connecting the beauty of a religious building with the character and aspirations of the builders. It is not so pleasant to think, as we look at the glories of Milan, that they are the work of the cruel, unprincipled, and perfidious Visconti. Salisbury, completed in the Early English style, or in that of the transition, is the most perfect monument of mediæval Christianity in England; and, amidst all the doubts and perplexities of our own time, it is impossible not to look back with envy on men who, free from all misgivings as to the absolute truth of their creed, spent their lives in rearing this work of beauty or watching it rise, and with the highest joys of art, combined the still higher joy of feeling that art would minister to the salvation of souls. The great works of the Perpendicular period remind us rather of the class of worldly, ambitious, and, if not sceptical, somewhat careless Churchmen to which Fox and Wolsey belonged, and which in its sumptuous creations was moved more by love of art and magnificence than by spiritual aspirations. To Westminster Abbey we shall come when we come to Westminster Hall.

Of all the other cathedrals Canterbury is the most historical, as well as the metropolitan; and it has had the good fortune of being described by Stanley, who was its dean and in whom historical topography was a passion. In Canterbury is that strange memorial of the priestly ambition of the Middle Ages and of the great conflict between Church and State, the shrine of Thomas à Becket. In Canterbury is the tomb of the Black Prince, and over it hangs the armour that speaks of Creçy and Poictiers. Winchester also is full of history, and though it is wanting in sublimity of height, as the English cathedrals are generally compared with their more soaring sisters in France, there is something about it peculiarly impressive. In height and grandeur the palm is borne off by York; in beauty and poetry by Lincoln. Norman Durham, "half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot," is profoundly imposing from its massiveness, which seems enduring as the foundations of the earth, as well as from its commanding situation. Ely is also a glorious pile, while its site has historical interest as the scene of the last stand made by the Saxon against the Norman Conqueror. Wells is lovely in itself, and it stands on a broad expanse of lawn surrounded by old ecclesiastical buildings which escaped the destroyer, and present a picture of old cathedral life. Wells and Salisbury are perhaps the two best specimens of the cathedral close, that haven of religious calm amidst this bustling world, in which a man tired of business and contentious life might delight, especially if he has a taste for books, to find tranquillity, with quiet companionship, in his old age. Take your stand on the Close of Salisbury or Wells on a summer afternoon when the congregation is filing leisurely out from the service and the sounds are still heard from the cathedral, and you will experience a sensation not to be experienced in the New World.

In thinking of the cathedrals we must not forget the old parish churches, legacies most of them of the Catholic Middle Ages, often very fine, and always speaking pleasantly to the heart, especially when they fill the air with the music of their Sabbath chimes or of their wedding bells. But among these, since the revival of Anglicanism, the hand of the restorer, or rather of the rebuilder, has been so busy that in some districts it is easier to find churches in an ancient style than an ancient church. It was no doubt right, from the point of view of religious feeling as well as from that of taste, to remove the high-backed pews, the galleries which ruined

the form of the church, the hideous monuments which defaced the chancel; but these things, which an Englishman who has passed sixty remembers so well, had associations of which the work of Gilbert Scott or Butterfield, however correct as a reproduction of mediæval Gothic, is devoid. Perhaps no better representation of the old parish church is to be found than the church of Iffley, which is close to Oxford, and is exceedingly interesting as a specimen of the Norman style. Iffley Churchyard, in which stands a yew tree that may have seen the Norman times, is also a good specimen of the peace of death which an old English churchyard presents, perhaps in a pleasanter, at all events in a more religious guise than these cemeteries of ours, with their posthumous rivalries of vanity in columns, pyramids, and obelisks, and their somewhat ghastly attempts to make the grave look pretty. In Iffley churchyard, as well as in any other, you may find a local habitation for the thoughts of Gray's *Elegy*.

The cathedral and the parish church belong to the present as well as to the past. Indeed, they have been recently exerting a peculiar influence over the present, for there can be no doubt that the spell of their beauty and their adaptation, as places of Catholic devotion, to the Ritualistic rather than to the Protestant form of worship have had a great effect in producing the Neo-Catholic reaction of the last half century. Creations of the religious genius of the Middle Ages, they have been potent missionaries of the mediæval faith. But there is a part of Mediæval Catholicism which belongs entirely to the past, and the monuments of which present themselves only in the form of ruins. Asceticism and Monasticism were discarded by the Reformation. Nothing but the wrecks remain of the vast and beautiful abodes in which they dwelt. Of the monastic ruins the most perfect and interesting is Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, and on the estate of Lord Ripon, who, as a convert himself to Roman Catholicism, has exemplified the lingering influence of what Macaulay calls "an august and fascinating superstition." In romantic loveliness of situation the first place is claimed by Tintern on the Wye, the second by Rievaux or Bolton, both of which are in Yorkshire, a great land of monastic remains. The name of Tintern is dear and familiar to many who have never seen the ruin, but who well know the lines which inshrine the poetic philosophy of Wordsworth. The ruins of Glastonbury are also most interesting, not only on account of the grandeur which the fragments of the church bespeak,

and the sumptuous hospitality represented by the abbot's kitchen, but because, as the great master of all this lore, Professor Freeman, says: "The church of Glastonbury, founded by the Briton, honoured and enriched by the Englishman, is the one great religious foundation which lived through the storm of English Conquest, and in which Briton and Englishmen have an equal share." Here we are in the realm of Arthur, and may read with enhanced enjoyment the *Idyls of the King*. It is impossible not to be touched by these ruins, or to forbear the protest of the heart against the ruthless destroyers of so much loveliness. But there is nothing except the architectural beauty to regret. The monasteries had done their appointed work during the iron times of feudalism and private war as places of refuge for the gentler spirits, as homes of such culture as there was, and centres of civilization. But the various orders to which they belonged, Benedictine, Cistercian, Franciscan, or Dominican, denote successive attempts to rise to an angelic life, each soon followed by the collapse of the wings of abstinence and contemplation on which the mortal strove to soar above his mortal state. At the time of the Reformation the spiritual character even of the least corrupt of the monastic houses had probably waxed very faint, while in some, it cannot be doubted, not only idleness and self-indulgence but the grossest vice had made their abode. Even the work of copying books and missal-painting, by which they had done good service to literature and minor art, was being superseded by printing. As a class, these houses had become the strongholds of reactionary superstition, the ramparts of intolerance, and the great obstacles to the progress of humanity. They still offered hospitality to the wayfarer. They still fed the poor at their gates, and as we look upon the ruined portal arch we may see the weary traveller dismount and the bedesmen gather beside it. Their hospitality and their charity preserved their popularity in districts where, as in the north, inns were few, and in a time when public charity did not exist; and the great northern insurrection, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, in which the abbots of Yorkshire monasteries took part, was probably as much a social movement against the destruction of the monasteries as a religious movement against doctrinal innovation. The nunneries seem, as might have been expected, to have preserved their purity and usefulness better than the monastic houses of a sex of which the passions were stronger and less easily tamed by monastic rule. Some

of them were still doing good service in the education of women. We may think of this as we stand among the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, near Oxford, which possess a further interest as having witnessed the last days of Henry the Second's fair Rosamond, the legend of the labyrinth notwithstanding. With the ruins of Dominican and Franciscan Monasteries is connected the memory of the vast development at once of Asceticism, of Papal power, and of crusading orthodoxy, in the thirteenth century. The Dominican churches are in their form specially adapted for preaching, which was one of the great functions of the order, the other being, unhappily, the administration of the Inquisition. Attached to the Cathedral of Peterborough is a Benedictine cloister, which recalls to us very vividly the daily life of a monk, while the cathedral itself stands first perhaps among the cathedrals of the second class. At Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, in a romantic dell, is the monument of another and still more intense kind of Asceticism in the form of a hermitage, which deserves a visit. The spot has the additional attraction of being the scene of the story of *Eugene Aram*. Aram's erudite defence turned upon the point that a hermit, after his lonely life of mortification, was buried alone in his cell, so that the body alleged to be that of the murdered Clarke might in reality be that of the hermit. There is another hermitage at Warkworth, near the ruins of the great castle. Those cells claim at least the tribute due to an experiment in perfection, however misdirected and abortive.

Among the religious memorials of the Middle Ages are also to be numbered the crosses to which the eye of mediæval piety was turned in the churchyard or the market place and by the wayside. Hardly any of them escaped ruthless mutilation when the tempest of popular wrath burst forth against an ancient faith which had degenerated into a hollow superstition. But a special homage is due to the "Eleanor's Crosses," of which the two best preserved will be found at Waltham and Northampton, and which are monuments raised to conjugal love, in the best period of Catholicism, by the noblest of kings and men.

Feudalism, like Monasticism, is a thing of the past, though it has left its traces on law and social organization. Its abodes, like those of Monasticism, are ruins. One here and there, like a knight exchanging his armour for the weeds of peace when war was over, has been softened and developed

into a palace or a mansion, as in the case of Warwick, the abode of the "Last of the Barons," of Alnwick, the fortress of the Percies, and that of the great keep of Windsor itself. In every part of the land, on heights and commanding points, shattered ruins mark the seat from which feudal lordship once looked down in its might and pride upon a land of serfs. Even the loftiness of the situation and the more bracing air must have helped to nourish in the Norman chief the sense of superiority to the peasants or burghers whose habitations cowered below. In their day these fortresses, the more important of them at least, were creations of military architecture, equal perhaps in its way to the ecclesiastical architecture which created the cathedrals. Owing his power, his security, his importance to the strength of his castle, and every day surveying it, the lord would be always occupying himself in perfecting his defences. To understand what a castle was, and how it was attacked and defended, it is necessary to read some work on military architecture, like that of Viollet Le Duc, and thus to enable ourselves to restore in fancy not only the stone structure of which the fragments are before us, but the wooden platforms upon which the defenders fought. "Destroyed by Cromwell" is the usual epitaph of an English castle. But generally speaking, gunpowder and social progress were the combined powers before which the massy walls of the feudal Jericho fell down. Sometimes the castle ruins stand mute records of the past in the midst of some thriving city, and the castle hill, converted into a pleasure ground, forms the evening lounge of the burghers whose forefathers its frowning battlements overawed. Evil memories haunt those dungeons, now laid open to the light of day, in which the captives of feudalism once pined. Berkeley rang with the shrieks of an agonizing king. Pomfret, too, saw a dethroned monarch meet the usual fate of the dethroned, and afterwards saw the hapless enemies of Richard III. pass to the tragic death which in the time of the Wars of the Roses had become almost the common lot of nobility and ambition. With the very name of castle is connected the dreadful memory of the feudal anarchy in the time of King Stephen, when castles were multiplied, and each of them became the den and torture-house of some Front-de-Bœuf, with his band of marauding mercenaries, so that the cry of the people was that Christ and the saints slept. This is the dark side of the history which the ruins of castles recall. On the other hand, it should be remembered

that the lord of the feudal castle did after his fashion the necessary service of an iron time. If he oppressed the dwellers beneath his ramparts, he also protected them against other oppressors. In the days before regular and centralized administration local lordship was in fact, in the rural districts at least, about the only possible instrument of social and political organization. By it alone could the rough justice of the times be meted out, or the forces of the community called forth for national or local defence. The life of a lord then was not one of sybaritism, but of very hard work. If he was good, as a certain proportion of the lords no doubt were, the tie between him and his vassals, though repugnant to the ideas of modern democracy, was not necessarily hateful or degrading: it has supplied congenial food for poetry and romance. Under a weak king like Stephen the castles were strongholds of anarchy, and Stephen's strong successor, when he demolished a great number of them, packed off the mercenaries who had manned them, and strictly enforced the law against unlicensed fortification, must have been blessed by all his people. But against a king who was too strong and aimed at absolute power the baronage was the rude champion and trustee of liberty. Had the royal mercenaries been able to sweep the kingdom without resistance, not law and order but the untempered sway of a despot's will would have been the result. Nor ought it to be forgotten that rude and coarse as life in these castles was, in them took place a very happy change in the relations between the sexes and the character of domestic life. In the cities of antiquity the men lived together in public, while the women were shut up at home almost as in a harem. But in the castle the sexes lived constantly together, and the lord must have learned to find his daily happiness in the company of his lady. Thither, too, came the troubadour with his lays and the *trouvère* with his tales, thrice welcome when there was no newspaper, no *salon*, no theatre, and refined the minds of the inmates of the castle while they beguiled the weary hour.

In the architecture of the castles, as in that of the cathedrals, there are successive phases which mark the changing times. A stern Norman keep, such as that of Rochester, recalls the days in which the conquered Saxon looked up with fear and hatred to the hold of the Conqueror. Gradually, as times grew milder, the Norman keep was softened through a series of modifications into the fortified mansion, such as Bodiam, in Sussex, built

by one of the companions-in-arms of Edward III., out of his winnings in the French wars. At last we come to a mansion like Hurstmonceaux, also in Sussex, which betokens the final transition into the manor house. Hurstmonceaux is worth visiting were it only as a specimen of brickwork which puts our age to shame. Only a fragment of it, however, remains. The rest was pulled down in a fit of spleen, it is said, by a proprietor on whose grave rests the antiquary's malison. The castellated mansion of Hever, in Kent, has been more fortunate. The great castles of the north, such as Warkworth, Naworth, Alnwick, and Ford, recall the memories of the wild Border wars of Hotspur and of Chevy Chase. The castles of Wales, notably Carnarvon, tell of the strategy and policy of Edward, the greatest not only of the Plantagenets, but of all mediæval kings.

The cities of the Old World, with their narrow and crooked streets, speak of the time in which the burghers were huddled together within the walls which guarded their little realms of industry from feudal violence, while the cities of the New World, spreading out freely and in straight lines, speak of the security of a happier era. Of the ancient walls, about the best specimen is to be seen at Chester, fortified in former days against the wild Welsh. Of the walls of York also there are fine remains, with the ancient gateways or bars through which the capital of the north saw many a mail-clad column march, and many a procession of state defile. The visitor to Oxford should not fail to see the remnant of the city wall within which lie New College and its gardens, and which was kept in repair by virtue of a covenant between the founder of the College and the city. Conway, on the north coast of Wales, presents or not long ago presented, though on a small scale, the aspect of a walled town of the Middle Ages, with its castle almost in the original state, though the fast train from London to Holyhead runs where the warder of the lonely garrison once looked over the Welsh hills and but rarely, like the warder of Norham in *Marmion*, saw approach "a plump of spears."

Of England's part—no mean part—in the Crusades and of her chivalry the chief monument is the Temple Church, in London, with the tombs of the Templars which it contains. Few things in the way of monumental sculpture are more impressive than these simple and soldier-like effigies of the warriors of the Cross when we think of the religious romance of lives spent in combat with the Paynim on the fields of Palestine. The Order of

the Templars fell partly no doubt through its own vices and pride, the consequences of the wealth which Christian enthusiasm had lavished on it, and out of which it built the proud fortress-mansion to which the Church belonged. But it had rendered illustrious service to Christendom and to civilization by stemming the onrushing tide of Mahometan conquest, and we are glad to think that at least its dissolution was not attended in England by the vile and dastardly cruelties which were inflicted on Jacques de Molay and his brethren by a tyrant in France. In the home of the redoubtable and ambitious brotherhood a peaceful society of lawyers now dwells, and the preacher of the society bears the title of "The Master of the Temple." When we speak of chivalry we mean the genuine chivalry of Sir Galahad and his fellows, who, as soldiers of God and champions of Christendom, went in quest of "the Holy Grail," not of that fantastic after-growth which appeared when the Crusades were over, and which swore on the swans, worshipped women as goddesses, while it by no means treated them as Dianas, performed crazy vows in their honour, tilted in senseless tournaments, made reckless wars out of a mere spirit of adventure, cultivated a narrow class sense of honour, trampled on the peasant, and at last sat for the portrait of Don Quixote. The products and memorials of this bastard chivalry are the orders, titles, and ceremonies of Knighthood which have been transmitted in course of time into a curious sort of Legion of Honour, much, as we know, to the satisfaction of Colonial ambition.

Among the relics of the feudal era may be numbered the forests once dedicated to the indulgence of that passion for the chase which devoured the restless Norman in the intervals of war, and long the hateful scenes of Norman tyranny, now pleasant retreats of sylvan beauty and peace in a thronged and busy country. The most considerable of them is the New Forest, to create which the Conqueror laid waste a wide district, sweeping away hamlet, grange, and church, and which, as the judgment of Heaven on his tyranny, saw the deaths of two of his sons. A stone marks the spot where a party of charcoal burners found the body of the Red King, slain by an unknown hand, and carried in their carts, like the carcase of a wild boar, as a chronicle says, to unhonoured burial at Winchester.

Of the purely domestic architecture of the Middle Ages it was not

likely that very much either in town or country would remain. Antiquity and picturesqueness give way to solidity and convenience. But in the rows of Chester, in Coventry, in Shrewsbury, in Bristol, in the remains now rapidly diminishing of the ancient City of London, in the out-of-the-way streets of almost every old town, will be found some of those curious timbered houses which preserve the impress of the past. At Bury and Lincoln houses even of the Norman period are found. Coventry retains perhaps the sanitary as well as the architectural image of the Middle Ages, and excuses the cynical judge who when a witness was provokingly slow of utterance upbraided him with keeping the court all that time at Coventry. A few civic halls, as at Oakham in Rutlandshire, remain. Of the ancient county mansions the queen is Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, most beautiful, now that it is touched by time, and recalling by its union of amplitude, stateliness, and rudeness, as we pass through its rooms, once thronged with guests and serving-men, the rough magnificence and roistering hospitalities of the old baronial life. But many an ancient hall has fallen from its high estate, and now presents itself in a dilapidated condition under the humble guise of a farm house.

Out of the wreck of the mediæval nobility in the Wars of the Roses arose the powerful monarchy of the Tudors. Of this period the monuments are the Elizabethan manor houses, the palaces of that new nobility of the council chamber and the robe which supplanted the mail-clad baronage, and which had been enriched by the confiscation of Church lands. Nothing in the way of domestic architecture is more beautiful or stately than those great houses. They are at a disadvantage, in comparison with the edifices of the Middle Ages, only in having been built for the purposes of private state and luxury, not for the satisfaction of higher aspirations. Pre-eminent in historical interest, as well as in magnificence, are Burleigh and Hatfield, the palaces of the two branches of the great Elizabethan house of Cecil, and memorials of the high services rendered to the State in time of peril, albeit not untainted with Machiavellian statecraft. Audley End, near Cambridge, displays the ill-gotten wealth, and preserves the evil memory of one of the worst ministers of the tyranny of Henry VIII. Knowle, in Kent, is to be seen if possible. It is a storehouse of memories, and a wonderful presentation of the most magnificent and social life of the times. Penshurst derives a charm from its association

with Sir Philip Sidney. Bramshill, not very far from Basingstoke, in the north of Hampshire, has the advantage of presenting its stately front on a rising ground, whereas most of the Elizabethan mansions stand on flats, and of being surrounded by a wild park with fine Scotch firs. It was in that park that Archbishop Abbott accidentally shot a keeper, and thereby incurred an ecclesiastical disqualification, which helped to clear Laud's path to an ill-starred supremacy in the Church. But in almost any part of the country in which you may chance to be, you will find an Elizabethan manor house. The amplitude, solidity, and comfort of these mansions being not less remarkable than their beauty, no one has thought of improving them out of existence. Kenilworth, however, the palace in which Leicester's dark ambition entertained the woman whose throne he hoped to share, is now a huge ruin ; while, in place of the royal palace of Greenwich, where the statesmen and the heroic adventurers of that age formed a peerless circle round their queen, now, not inappropriately, stands Greenwich Hospital.

The age of the Stuarts was one rather of conflict and destruction than of creation of any kind. Castles shattered by Cromwell's artillery, church carvings and monuments defaced by Puritan iconoclasm, traces of field works and trenches, military relics of Edgehill, Marston, and Naseby, are the characteristic monuments of a period of revolution and civil war. Near Basingstoke, and not far from Silchester and Bramshill, may be seen the vast substructions of Basing House, the fortified palace of the Marquis of Winchester, which, as the readers of Carlyle know, after long holding out against the forces of the Parliament, was stormed and razed by Cromwell himself. It is a relic eminently symbolical of the era in which the marquises went down before the onset of the Cromwells. The series of relics is closed by the wall of Magdalen College, "against which," as Croker told the Duke of Wellington, "James the Second ran his head." The monument most closely connected with the hapless dynasty is the fair banqueting-house at Whitehall, out of the window of which Charles I. passed to the scaffold. To the Stuarts, however, may fairly be ascribed St. Paul's, for the restoration of which Charles and Laud began to collect funds, and which is a monument at once of the High Church revival and of the prevalence of classical or Italian taste in architecture. Nor could a dynasty desire a nobler monument. Like St. Peter's, St. Paul's is wanting

in poetry and in religious impressiveness compared with the cathedrals of the Catholic Middle Ages; yet it is a magnificent temple. Few will deny that externally it is superior to St. Peter's. Internally it is far inferior, Protestantism having stinted the decorations which are essential to a rich and luminous effect. These, however, an effort is now being made to supply. A more sinister memorial of the ecclesiastical reaction is the porch of the University Church at Oxford, built by Laud, and surmounted with the image, hateful to Puritan eyes, of the Virgin and child. The statue of Charles stands at Charing Cross on the pedestal from which triumphant Puritanism once cast it down, and the statue of James II., left unmolested over the gateway of University College, Oxford, bespeaks the comparative mildness of the Second Revolution. Great houses, such as historic Wilton and Long Leat, in which the genius of Inigo Jones displayed itself in presiding over the transition from the Tudor to the Italian style, are also memorials of the reign of Charles I. Of the reign of Charles II. the most characteristic memorials are the portraits of beauties at Hampton Court.

Of the Augustan age of Anne, with its classic tastes and its privileges, its not unpicturesque formality and its grand manners, Blenheim Palace is the typical monument. A stately monument it is, and, more than any other building in England except Windsor Castle, worthy of the name of a palace, though perhaps its style may be open to the charge of being at once heavy and fantastic. Nothing in England vies with the splendours of Louis XIV. so much as the abode built by public gratitude for his conqueror. For the conqueror of Napoleon it was intended to build a counterpart of Blenheim at Strathfieldsaye, but the simplicity and thrift of Wellington put the money in the funds, and were contented with the enlargement of a common country house. There is something about Blenheim exactly corresponding to the historic figure of the great captain and diplomatist, with that superb manner which almost made knavery august. Let us remember that the age had not only its Marlborough, Godolphin, Addison, and Pope, but its Newton, Locke, and Bentley. It was a period in all lines of solid greatness. The later history of Blenheim is unhappily a history of shame. The palace is being rifled of its objects of art and soon perhaps may be rifled of its historic relics. Such is the state to which hereditary dynasties, whether royal or territorial, are

exposed. A visit to Blenheim should on no account be omitted. Besides the Palace you will see there an excellent specimen of that lovely appanage of British wealth and rank the Park, with its immemorial oaks, and the deer trooping through its ferny glades. Why cannot those who inherited such abodes manage to be moral and happy? Because, as a rule, there is no virtue without labour.

Of the period of the Georges the chief monuments are the palaces built in the classical or Italian style by the heads of the great Houses which then ruled England, swaying Parliament through their territorial influence and their nomination boroughs, sharing among them a vast patronage and reducing the monarchy to the state of pupilage from which George III. at last struggled to set himself free. Among the most splendid of these palaces are Stowe, Chatsworth, and Castle Howard. Clumber, the seat of Horace Walpole's Duke of Newcastle, the arch borough-monger and intriguer of his day, is more splendid within than imposing without. These great houses were full of objects of historic interest; but one after another, by the sad law of family decadence, they fall into spendthrift hands; and the wreck of Stowe, after the ruin of the powerful house of Buckingham, was a catastrophe of aristocracy as well as a carnival of the auctioneer.

Oxford and Cambridge belong at once to the past and to the present. These university cities, with their numerous colleges, are peculiar to England. In Canada and the United States each college is a university. But the universities of Oxford and Cambridge are federations of colleges. The university is the federal authority, holds the examinations, grants all the degrees and honours, and through its staff of professors carries on the higher teaching; though the duties of an Oxford or Cambridge professor are held to consist as much in the advancement of learning or science as in teaching, with which he is not overburdened. It is governed by a university council and a legislature. But each college is a corporation in itself, having, so to speak, its own state rights, holding and administering its own estates, governed by its own Head and Fellows, exercising discipline over its own students within its walls, and conducting the ordinary teaching through its staff of tutors. The immediate and the closer tie of the student is to his college, while the higher tie is to the university. Originally, Oxford and Cambridge were like the German universities at the present day, the students not being collected in colleges, but boarding in

private houses or in hostels. In the thirteenth century, when there was a great awakening of intellectual life in Europe, students flocked in to the English as well as to the other universities. There being then few books, knowledge was to be attained only by hearing the professors, who taught wherever they could find a hall or a stand, while the eager crowd of students drank the words of wisdom and power from their lips. Those were the days in which Roger Bacon first kindled at Oxford the lamp of science, and, as a matter of course, fell under the Church's ban as a professor of the black art. Research, since the days of the school philosophy, has become more rational and more fruitful; but never perhaps has it been so full of hope and romance as it was in the thirteenth century. Oxford, which afterwards became the citadel of Tory reaction, was then in the van of progress, political and religious as well as scientific. With all this generous activity of mind there were among the youthful population of the academical city much disorder, turbulence, and vice; there were affrays between nationalities far bloodier than the duels of German student clubs. Seeing this, and at the same time desiring to promote learning, Bishop Walter de Merton, the Chancellor of Henry III., devised an institution in which secular studies might be confined with something of the strictness of monastic discipline, and with daily religious worship. Merton College, his foundation, is the first regular college, and the dark little quadrangle, called, nobody knows why, "Mob Quad," is the cradle of collegiate life. The new institution met the needs of the time, it prospered and was imitated. College after college grew up both at Oxford and Cambridge. The taste for founding them waxed as that for founding monasteries waned. Pre-eminent among them at Oxford were New College, founded by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor of Edward III., to which a school for boys at Winchester was attached as a seed-plot; Magdalen College, the loveliest of all homes of learning, founded by William of Waynflete, another Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor of Henry VI., in the stormy days of the Wars of the Roses; Christ Church, the splendid conception of Wolsey, and magnificent still, though shorn of half its projected grandeur by its founder's fall; and at Cambridge, Trinity, with its ample courts and the pictures of Newton, Bentley, and Bacon in its noble hall. The type of all is a quadrangle of semi-monastic character, a common dining-

hall, and a domestic chapel. Gradually the colleges absorbed the free university, and at last all students were constrained by law to be members of colleges. In the Catholic Middle Ages intellectual institutions were clerical, and this requirement surviving, with a mass of other mediæval and semi-monastic regulations embodied in the Statutes of Founders, the epoch to which they belonged, paralyzed the colleges after the Reformation and made them and the universities which they had absorbed little more than seminaries of the clerical profession. Oxford especially sank into an organ of the Jacobite clergy and their party. The consequence was a century and a half of literary and scientific torpor, redeemed by few great names, of which Cambridge, where practically clericism prevailed least, had the most illustrious. With the renewal of progress in the present century came reform, or rather emancipation, and Oxford and Cambridge are now once more at the head of intellectual England, though they never can be again what they were in the thirteenth century, when the only source of knowledge was the oral teaching of the professor. Perhaps they will always be centres of learning more than of experimental science, which takes the world for its field.

A great change has lately come not only over the literary, but over the social life of the colleges. The mediæval fraternities of students being clerical, were celibate, nor did the structure and arrangements of the college admit family life. From the retention of the statutable celibacy, while mediæval asceticism was discarded, grew the social life of the college Common Room. That life was pleasant enough while the Fellow was young; but its luxury palled at last, and as years crept on it became dreary, and was gladly exchanged for a college benefice, on which the Fellow could marry. The retention of celibacy indeed had another and a curious effect on specially clerical and religious natures: combined with the mediæval character of the buildings and associations it had a tendency to revive the monk, and thus Oxford Colleges produced Newman and the leaders of the Anglo-Catholic reaction, as two centuries before they had been the nursing mothers of the ecclesiastical reaction under Laud. But now the rule of celibacy has been relaxed, and a circle of married professors and tutors has come into existence, which, combining intellectuality with the simplicity of living enforced by moderate incomes, forms a society about as pleasant as any in the world. The railway brings down politicians and

men of business as well as men of letters, to pass the Sunday, and the pedantic seclusion of Oxford and Cambridge from the world is now a thing of the past. There is no use in transcribing the guide book. Cambridge, in the chapel of King's College, has a single glory which Oxford cannot match, and certainly nothing at Oxford can charm more than the walk along the Cam at the backs of the Cambridge Colleges. But Oxford is a more academic city. It will be noted that the Gothic style lingered there with other traces of the Middle Ages, to the time of Charles I. The local stone, of which some of the colleges are built, soon changes colour under the action of the weather. An American visitor, pointing to a black-looking pile, asked his host whether that building was not very old. "Oh, no!" was the reply, "its colour deceives you; it has not been built much more than two hundred years." With this may be coupled the story of a Fellow of a college, who, being asked how they managed to get such perfect sward in those Oxford lawns, replied, "It is the simplest thing in the world; you have only to mow and roll regularly for about four hundred years." The recent revival of the universities has caused large modern additions to the buildings, of the taste of which the visitor will judge. At Oxford, unfortunately, some of the new buildings are too large for the general scale of the city, which is small. Let not the visitor to Oxford omit to get a general view from the top of the Sheldonian Theatre or of the Radcliffe Library. Let him not omit to get a distant view from Hinksey (after reading Matthew Arnold's poem), Bagley, Whytham, or Stowe Wood. Oxford should be visited in May or early in June, when the place is at once in its full beauty and thoroughly academical. At Commemoration time, which people are apt to choose, Oxford is not a university, but a vast banqueting hall and ball room, full of revellers brought together under pretence of seeing honorary degrees conferred and hearing prize poems recited. A guest at Commemoration time may well fancy that student life at Oxford and Cambridge is fully portrayed by descriptions of the fast student, such as *Verdant Green*, or by the first plate of Frith's series, "The Road to Ruin." There is too much of this sort of thing in universities which are the result of wealth and aristocracy; but there are also hard study, high aspirations, ardent friendships, and all the romance which, especially among the cultured and active-minded, hovers about the portals of life. Of late student tastes, like those of society in general, seem to have grown

softer and more refined. At many of the windows in the dark old quadrangle there are boxes of flowers, and from many rooms the sound of the piano is heard.

It is perhaps at Oxford or Cambridge in the summer term, when the boat races and the cricket matches are going on, that English athleticism can best be seen. A gay and animating sight is a boat race, while a cricket match is apt to be tedious to the uninitiated. Athleticism, in its present prominence, not to say its present extravagance, is a recent development, and finds a philosophical justification in the recently recognized importance of the physical basis of humanity. We have yet to see whether it will develop health as well as muscle, and force of character as well as force of body. Instead of increased force of character there has been of late in public life rather an ominous exhibition of levity and fatalism. After all, games and exercises carried beyond a certain measure, though they may not injure the body like some other indulgences, are but dissipations to the mind.

Not to be omitted in taking even a birds'-eye view of England are the Public Schools. To define a Public School would perhaps be difficult. If you make size or importance the test, you cannot exclude Rugby or Cheltenham. If you make antiquity the test, you can hardly include Harrow. But the three schools which play in the Public School cricket matches are, Eton, Winchester, and Harrow. Harrow has practically taken the place of Westminster, which was long the most famous of the group, and in the last century sent forth a long line of worthies, but has recently been depressed by the disadvantage of a situation less healthy than historic. It is at the Public School matches that the singular feeling connected with these institutions is displayed in its utmost intensity, and to attend one of them should therefore, if possible, be a part of the programme. Nowhere else in the world, probably, can a great crowd of the governing classes be seen in a state of wild excitement over a boys' game. The chief claim of Winchester to be one of the privileged three is perhaps antiquity, in which it excels all the rest, having been the school founded by the great mediæval restorer of education, William of Wykeham, beneath the shadow of his own most venerable cathedral, to supply scholars to the college which he founded at Oxford. Eton and Harrow, but especially Eton, are the schools of the aristocracy, and their peculiar character is in fact that of

the class to which the boys belong. They are the special training-places of the English "gentleman." The strong point of the English gentleman is not hard work, nor is hard work the strong point of Eton or Harrow, though the system of instruction has been greatly improved of late, and it can no longer be said, as it might have been said fifty years ago, that the only things to be learned at Eton are a little Latin and Greek and a great deal of cricket and rowing. The strong points are the union of freedom with discipline and the generous character of the social law which the boys uphold among themselves. Harrow is close to London, but there is nothing in the way of antiquities to see. Eton is within half-an-hour's run of London by rail, and may be taken in a day with Windsor; and at Eton there is a great deal in the way of antiquities, as well as in that of educational peculiarities, to be seen. The ancient quadrangle, with the great, gray chapel rising over it, and the statue of the Plantagenet founder in its centre, the green expanse of the playground shaded by stately elms stretching beside it, and the castle palace of the English kings looking down on it from the other side of the Thames, is of all places of education about the most historic; and history is worth something in a place of education. The equipments of the great school room would hardly satisfy a school board in these days of progress; but on its rough panels are to be seen names carved by boyish hands which afterwards became illustrious in the annals of England. Those who think of education only will go to Rugby, and pay their devotions at the shrine of Dr. Arnold.

Of the British Monarchy the official and diplomatic seat is St. James', a dingy and shabby pile of brick, which by its meanness, compared with the Tuileries and Versailles, aptly symbolizes the relation of the power which built it to that of the Monarchy of Louis XIV. The power which built St. James' has however, by reason of its very feebleness, managed to prolong its existence; while the power which built the Tuileries and Versailles, having by its despotism provoked the revolutionary storm, has been laid with all its grandeurs in the dust. At St. James' are still held the Levees. But those rooms having been found too small for the prodigiously increasing crowd of ladies, foreign and colonial, who pant, by passing under the eye of Royalty, to obtain the baptism of fashion, the Drawing-Rooms are now held in Buckingham Palace. "Exclusiveness" was pronounced by a Canadian professor of etiquette to be the characteristic charm of the

Queen's Drawing-Rooms. But instead of being exclusive, a Drawing-Room will soon become a mob. Though the political sceptre has departed from British Royalty the social sceptre has not. Conscious apparently of its loss of political power, Royalty has of late retired into private residences, where the enthusiastic worshipper or the enterprising reporter can only reconnoitre it through the telescope. Here it leads a domestic life, goes picnicking, and records its picnics together with family occurrences in its diary. Even in death it seems inclined to separate itself from the monarchs who wore a real crown. It has its private mausoleum at Frogmore, apart from the tombs of the Kings in St. George's Chapel and at Westminster. The Hanoverians, moreover, have always remained a German family, with German habits, tastes, and friendships, as well as German connections. The modern town residence of Royalty, Buckingham Palace, is large without being magnificent and devoid of interest of any kind, historical or architectural. The edifice belongs to the Regency, and the Regent liked low ceilings. He who wants to see State apartments without stateliness may see them here. It is to the ancient seats of the Monarchy that the interest belongs. First among these must be named the Tower, built originally by the Conqueror to curb London, afterwards the fortress-palace of his descendants, and in the end the State prison, from which a long procession of the ill-starred great went forth to lay their heads on the block on Tower Hill; while State murders, like those of Henry VI. and the two young sons of Edward IV., were done in the dark chambers of the Tower itself. Everybody knows Macaulay's passage on the graves in the chapel. The Bastille has been razed, the Tower has become a show, and in their respective fates they typify the contrast between French revolution and British progress. Of Westminster, the chief historic seat of the Monarchy in former days, nothing remains but that glorious hall, the name of which is more associated with justice than with Royalty, and the banqueting house at Whitehall, with its window of tragic memory. But of all the Royal palaces the noblest, the only one indeed worthy of the name, is Windsor, built in the times when the Kings of England were Kings indeed. It may well challenge comparison with Versailles, so far as a creation of the Plantagenets can be compared with a creation of Louis XIV. It is disappointing to find how much of Windsor is the work of the restorer, and of a restorer who

wrought before a real knowledge of mediæval architecture had been recovered. Still nothing can spoil the effect of such a pile on such a site. The Round Tower has been raised, but still it is the Round Tower. The glory of St. George's Chapel is unimpaired, and above the stalls may be read the names of the first Knights of the Garter, the comrades in arms of Edward III. and the Black Prince. These heroic adventurers are now rather curiously represented by a set of elderly gentlemen in purple velvet cloaks and white satin tights, who chiefly prize the Garter, as one of them avowed, because it is the only thing nowadays that is not given by merit. In St. George's Hall, modernized though it is, imagination may assemble again the victors of Crecy and Poictiers, with their brave Queen and her ladies, holding festivals which were ennobled by the recollection of glorious toils. Long afterwards it was that the body of the illustrious successor of Edward was borne across the courts of Windsor amidst the falling snow, and beneath the fierce glances of a revolutionary soldiery, without funeral pomp or requiem, to its nameless grave. Around the Castle still stretches the great Park, and not many years ago a leafless trunk in it was shown as Herne the Hunter's Oak. Between Windsor and Staines lies Runnymede, where the camps of John and his Barons once faced each other, where it was decided that the British Monarchy should not be despotic but constitutional, and in the rude but vigorous form of the great Charter the first of European constitutions was framed. Eltham, not far from London, was another seat of the Plantagenets and retains traces of its grandeur. Its memories are sad, since it saw the degraded dotage of Edward III. Hampton Court claims a visit. One of its quadrangles and its magnificent hall are the monuments of Wolsey's soaring ambition; but with these is combined the little Versailles of Louis the Fourteenth's arch-enemy, William the Third, and the gardens laid out by Dutch William's taste, and now, in summer, gorgeous with such beds of flowers as Dutch William never beheld. Here Cromwell used to rest on the Sunday after his week of overwhelming care, and here, in quieter times, the last sovereign of Charles' house, "Great Anne," used "sometimes counsel to take and sometimes tea." The chestnuts in the neighbouring park of Bushey are the glory of English trees. Kensington and Kew, minor seats of Royalty, have their reminiscences and their anecdotes of the Court of George III. and Charlotte.

"The British infantry," said the French General Foy, "is the best; fortunately there is very little of it." Of the cavalry there is still less. Sea-girt Britain owed the preservation of her political liberties in no small measure to the absence of any necessity for a great standing army. Even now, when instead of being girt by any sea her members are scattered over the globe, and five-sixths of the population of her Empire are in Asia, her standing army is a mere "thin red line" compared with the hosts of the great military Powers. Seventy thousand British soldiers hold India, with its two hundred and fifty millions of people. Of the Duke of Wellington's seventy thousand at Waterloo, not thirty thousand were British, and it is doubtful whether England has ever put more than thirty thousand men of her own on any field of battle. The stranger, therefore will see little of the military manifestations of power, or of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war. In St. James' Park he may see, and if he cares for the Old Flag, he will see not without proud and pensive emotion, the march of the Guards. Thirty years ago, had he been standing on that spot, he might have seen the Guards march in with the majestic simplicity which marks the triumph of the true soldier, their uniforms and bearskins weather-stained by Crimean storms, and their colours torn with the shot of Alma and Inkerman. He may also see the array of Cuirassiers, superb and glittering, but a relic of the past; for, since the improvement of the rifle, the Cuirassier, whose armour would be pierced like pasteboard, has become almost as useless as an elephant. These corps are also memorials of the times in which the army was an appanage of the aristocracy, who amused their youth with soldiering, went through no professional training, and as leaders of the troops in the field were, as Carlyle says, "valiant cocked hats upon a pole." Valiant the cocked hat, beyond question, was, as many a hillside stained with blood, and with the blood of the Guards not least, proved; and as even Fontenoy, though a lost field, could bear witness. But Lord Cardwell and Lord Wolseley changed all this. The British army is now, like the armies of the Continent, professional: it will henceforth bring science as well as valour into the field. Those who would see it manœuvre must go to Aldershot.

To Aldershot the visitor must go to see the regular army; but by going to the Volunteer Review at Easter, wherever it may be held, or even to one of the district reviews, he may see the military spirit combined with

the patriotism of the country. What the volunteers are actually worth as a force in case of war it must be left to the professional soldier to determine. They are good stuff, at all events, for an army, and some of the corps are well drilled. But the Volunteer movement may be safely pronounced the most wholesome that there has been in England for many a year. More than anything else on the social or political horizon it gives reason for hope that the destinies of the country will be determined in the last resort by the spirit which has made it great.

The other and the stronger arm of England is to be seen at Portsmouth and Plymouth, unless you should be lucky enough to come in for a display of its full might at a naval review. But the British navy no longer appears in the guise of the great sailing ships which fifty years ago we used to see moving in their majesty and beauty over the waters of Plymouth Sound or of Spithead. The very name sailor is now, as regards the navy, almost an anachronism. Old Admiral Farragut, when desired by his Government to transfer his flag from a wooden ship to an ironclad, replied, that he did not want to go to what the Revised Version calls Hades in a tea-kettle. To Hades in a tea-kettle, in case of a naval war, many a British seaman would now go. These wonderful machines, the latest offspring of the science of destruction, are fraught with far more terrible thunders than the ships of Rodney and Nelson; but the grandeur and romance of the navy are gone. What will be the result of a collision between two of these monsters, with their armour, their colossal guns, and their torpedoes, who can undertake to say? It is difficult to believe that the old qualities of the British tar, his aptitude for close fighting and for boarding, would preserve their ascendancy unimpaired. It is difficult also to believe that in these days of steam it would be as easy as once it was to guard the shores of the island against the sudden descent of an enemy. But these are the dread secrets of the future. Some of the men-of-war of former days may still be seen laid up at the war ports; and, no doubt, while her timbers can hold together, the *Victory* will be preserved, and we shall be allowed to see the spot on which Nelson fell. But the best memorial of the old British navy, perhaps, is Turner's picture of the *Fighting Temeraire*.

Still Great Britain is an island. The maritime tastes of her people are strong; and though steam-yachts are coming in, at Cowes and on South-

ampton Water the beauty of the sailing vessel, though not the majesty of the line-of-battle ship under canvas, is yet to be seen.

The immense debt of England to her sailors is not unworthily represented by Greenwich Hospital, which is also a fit monument of William and Mary. A monument it now is and nothing more. The veterans are no longer to be seen grouped in its courts on a summer day and talking about their battles and voyages. The rules of the institution galled them, and they preferred to take their pensions, with homes of their own, though on the humblest scale.

In describing almost any other land than England, notably in describing France, we should go first to its capital, as the centre of its life. But in England the centre of life is not in the capital, but in the country; hitherto at least this has been the case, though now, in England as elsewhere, there is an ominous set of population from the country to the city. Hitherto country society has been the best society, ownership of land in the country has been the great object of ambition, the country has been the chief seat of political power, and for that as well as for the social reason land has borne a fancy price. Every lawyer, physician, and man of business has looked forward after making his fortune in the city to ending his life in a country house; every city mechanic has kept, if he could, some plant or bird to remind him of the country. A charm attaches in all our minds to the idea of English country life. The organization of that life, widely different from anything which exists on this continent, may be surveyed, in a certain sense, from the train. Everywhere in the rural districts as you shoot along your eye catches the tower or spire of the parish church, with the rectory adjoining, the hall of the squire, the homestead of the tenant farmer, and the labourer's cottage. The little dissenting chapel, which steals away a few religious rustics from the parish church, and represents social as well as religious antagonism to the "squirearchy and hierarchy," hardly anywhere obtrudes itself on the view. The parish is the Unit; it is thoroughly a unit so far as the common people are concerned, not only of rural administration but of society and gossip. Every one of its denizens knows everything about all the rest, and usually none of them knows much about the world outside. Any one who wished to lie hid could not choose a worse hiding-place than one of these apparently sequestered communities, in which not only no strange man but no strange dog could well escape

notice for twenty-four hours. The parish is the unit, and the parish church is still the centre. Even those who go to the meeting-house to hear the Methodist preacher go to the church for christenings, marriages, and burials. The farmer, though no theologian, is a Churchman by habit; he likes to meet his fellow-farmers at church on Sunday and to gossip with them after and before service; not to do so seems to him unsocial.

The clergyman is the parish almoner; by him or his wife, a personage who, if she is good and active, is second only to him in importance, charitable and philanthropic organizations are headed. When he plays his part well he is the general friend and adviser, and his parsonage is the centre of the village civilization. Herbert's country parson is realized in his life. But the king of the little realm is the master of the hall, which is seen standing in the lordly seclusion of its park. "The stately homes of England," is a phrase full of poetry to our ears, and the life of the dwellers in such homes, as fancy presents it, is the object of our envious admiration. Life in a home of beauty, with family portraits and memories, fair gardens, and ancestral trees, with useful and important occupations such as offer themselves to the conscientious squire, yet without any of the dust and sweat of the vulgar working world, ought to be not only pleasant but poetic; and the "Sumner Place" of Tennyson's *Talking Oak*, no doubt, has its charming counterpart in reality. But all depends on the voluntary performance of social duties, without which life in the loveliest and most historic of manor houses is merely sybaritism, aggravated by contrast with the opportunities and surroundings; and unfortunately the voluntary performance of duty of any kind is not the thing to which human nature in any of us is most inclined. Not one man in a hundred, probably, will undergo real labour of an unambitious kind without the spur of need or ambition. The country gentlemen of England are seldom dissolute, the healthiness of their sports in itself is an antidote to filthy sensuality; but many of them are sportsmen and nothing more. Their temper and the temper of all those around them is apt to be tried by a long frost which suspends fox-hunting; and they too often close a useless life by a peevish or morose old age. We have heard of one who, after riding all his life after the fox, ended his days alone in a great mansion with no solace when he was bedridden, but hearing his huntsman call over the hounds at his bedside; and of another, who being paralyzed on one side could find no

diversion for his declining years but preserving rabbits, which eat up no small portion of the produce of his estate, and going out to shoot them in a cart, seated on a music-stool by turning on which he could manage to get his shot. Till lately, however, the squire at all events lived in his country-house among his tenants and people; even Squire Western did this and he thus retained his local influence and a certain amount of local popularity. But now the squire, infected by the general restlessness and thirst of pleasure, has taken to living much in London or in the pleasure cities of the Continent. The tie between him and the village has thus been loosened, and in many cases entirely broken. The first Duke of Wellington, whenever he could be spared from the Horse Guards and the House of Lords, used to come down to Strathfieldsaye, do his duty as a country gentleman, show hospitality to his neighbours, and go among his people; his successor came down now and then to a battue, bringing his party with him from town. And now another blow, and one of the most fatal kind, is about to be struck at squirearchy by political reform. Hitherto the old feudal connection between land and local government has been so far retained that the chief landowners, as justices of the peace, have administered rural justice and collectively managed the affairs of the county in Quarter Sessions. The justice, no doubt, has sometimes been very rural, especially in the case of the poacher, but the management has been good, and it has been entirely free from corruption. Government by the people would be the best if it were really government by the people; unfortunately what it really is too often and tends everywhere to be, is government by the Boss. Quarter Sessions, however, are now, in deference to the tendencies of the age, to be replaced by elective councils, from which the small local politician is pretty sure to oust the squire, who, thus left without local dignity or occupation, will have nothing but field sports to draw him to his country seat.

Even of field sports the end may be near. Game-preserving will die unlamented by anybody but the game-preserver, for slaughtering barn-door pheasants is sorry work, imprisoning peasants for poaching is sorrier work still, and the temptation to poach is a serious source of rustic demoralization. Fox-hunting is manly as well as exciting, and overworked statesmen or men of business say that they find it the best of all refreshments for the wearied brain; but it is in great peril of being killed by high-

pressure farming, which will not allow crops to be ridden over or fences to be broken, combined with the growth of democratic sentiment. The farmer who rode with the hounds was a farmer sitting at an easy rent and with time as well as a horse to spare. So if any one cares to see a "meet" in front of a manor-house, with the gentlemen of the county in scarlet on their hunters, he had better lose no time. In seeing the meet, he will see the country club; for this is the great social as well as the great sporting gathering, and the gentleman in an English county who does not hunt must find his life somewhat lonely and dull.

Rents have fallen immensely in consequence of the agricultural depression, caused by the influx of American and Indian grain into the British market; nor is there any prospect of better times. Mortgage debts are heavy, and the allowances to widows and younger brothers, which the system of primogeniture entails, have still to be paid. Thus the situation of the squire, and of the social structure which he crowns, is perilous. Will he bravely face it? Will he cut down his luxuries, learn agriculture, become his own bailiff, give up game-preserving, and renounce idleness and pleasure-hunting, for a life of labour and duty? If he does, agricultural depression may prove to him a blessing in disguise. But it is too likely that instead of this, he will shut up the Hall and go away to the city, or perhaps to the Continent, there to live in reduced sybaritism on the remnant of his rents. The Hall will then either stand vacant, like the chateau after the Revolution, or pass, as not a few of them have already passed, with its ancestral portraits and memories, into the hands of the rich trader or the Jew, perhaps of the American millionaire, who finds better service and more enjoyment of wealth in the less democratic world. A change is evidently at hand, for land can no longer support the three orders of agriculture, landlord, tenant farmer, and labourer. If the Established Church is abolished, as in all likelihood it will be, and the rector departs as well as the squire, the revolution in the rural society of England will be complete.

The bodily form of the British tenant farmer is known to us all from a hundred caricatures. It is he in fact who figures as John Bull. He is not very refined or highly educated; sometimes perhaps he is not so well educated as the labourer who has been taught in the village school, for in this respect, as possibly in some others, he rather falls between the stool

of genteel independence and that of dependence on the care of the State. Tennyson's Lincolnshire farmer is the portrait of the class as it exists or existed in Tennyson's boyhood in a county which, when it rebelled against Henry VIII., was graciously designated by His Majesty as "the beastliest county in the whole kingdom;" but the portrait only requires softening to make it pretty generally true. The British farmer is strongly conservative, in all senses, and if left to himself unimproving. Left to himself he would still be ploughing with four horses to his plough. To make him yield to the exigency of the time and give up his immemorial trade of wheat-growing for other kinds of production is very hard. Being so tenacious of old habit, he does not make the best of settlers in a new country. Nevertheless, he has managed to make the soil of his island, though not the most fertile, bear the largest harvests in the world. He is a man withal of solid worth. Politically he adheres to his landlord, who is also his social chief and his officer in the yeomanry. Between him and the labourer the social gulf has for some time past been widening. They have entirely ceased to sit at the same board, while the farmer's wife plays the piano, reads novels, and bears herself as a great lady towards the wife of the labourer. The antagonism was strongly accentuated by the "Revolt of the Field" under Joseph Arch. The farmer, however, met the revolt with a firmness from which a salutary lesson might have been drawn by public men whose nerves have been shattered by demagogism so that they have learned to regard every outcry as the voice of fate.

A great change has come within two generations over the outward vesture of English country life. The old style of farming, with its primitive implements and antiquated ways, with its line of mowers and haymakers in the summer field, with the sound of its flail in the frosty air, and with many other sights and sounds which linger in the memory of one who was a boy in England half a century ago, has been passing away; the new agriculture with machinery has been taking its place. Gone too, or fast going, is the clay cottage, with the thatched roof, which was the characteristic abode of Hodge, the farm labourer, and the undermost in the three grades of the agricultural hierarchy. Improving and philanthropic landlordism has now generally substituted the brick house, with slated roof, more civilized than the thatched cottage though not so picturesque, nor perhaps so comfortable, for the thatch was much warmer than

the slate in winter and much cooler in summer. A corresponding change has been taking place in Hodge's lot. It was much needed. Within those picturesque cottages, even when they were covered with roses, too often dwelt not only penury but misery, together with the grossest ignorance, the uncleanness, physical and moral, which is the consequence of overcrowding, and the hardening of the heart which must ensue when parent and child cannot both be fed. The Union Workhouse, which with its grim hideousness deforms the rural landscape, was too often the symbol of Hodge's condition as well as the miserable haven of his toil-worn and rheumatic age. But now his wages have been raised, his dwelling and his habits have been improved, and the State has put him to school; while the railroad has opened to him the labour market of the whole country, whereas, before, he was confined to that of his parish, and was practically like the serf of old, bound to the soil, and forced to take whatever wages the farmer of his parish chose to give him. At last, in the grand Dutch auction of Party, political power has been thrust upon him, and he has suddenly become arbiter of the destinies not only of England but of two hundred and fifty millions of India, and of the destinies of other lands and peoples of which he never heard. It need hardly be said that he votes in total darkness, following as well as he can the voice which promises him "three acres and a cow." Before the last general election those who knew him best were utterly unable to divine what he would do, though they thought that having failed to get the promised three acres and a cow from one party he would most likely try the other, as in fact he did. In his own sphere he deserves the highest respect. No man has done so hard a day's work as an English labourer; no man has stood so indomitably as a soldier on the bloodstained hillside. If he has too much frequented the village ale-house, in his home he has been generally true and kind to "his old woman," as she has been to "her old man," and there has been a touching dignity in his resignation to his hard lot and in the mournful complacency with which he has looked forward to "a decent burial." He has, for the most part, kept out of the workhouse when he could.

The mansions of the squires are not the only mansions which meet the traveller's eye. Almost on every pleasant spot, especially near London, you see handsome dwellings, many of them newly built, the offspring of the wealth which since the installation of Free Trade has been advancing

"by leaps and bounds." Not a few of these are very large and magnificent. The architecture of those recently built challenges attention and generally marks the reversion of taste to the old English style. But the general aspect is rather that of luxury than that of stateliness, in which these mansions of the new aristocracy of wealth certainly fall below those of the Tudor age. The details may be studied and correct, but the mass is not imposing and the front is seldom fine. Even Eaton, the newly-built palace of the Duke of Westminster, though vast and sumptuous, lacks a grand façade.

People who lived in England half a century ago remember the old country town, as it is depicted in Miss Mitford's *Belford Regis*, with its remnant of timbered and gabled houses and its unrestored church. They remember the quiet that reigned in its streets, except on market day, or at the time of the annual fair, which, with its wandering merchants and showmen, told of the commercial habits of the Middle Ages. They remember the equipages of the county magnates drawn up at the principal haberdashery store. They remember the Tory and moderately corrupt town council, the orthodox and somewhat drowsy parson, the banker or man of business going placidly on with his one post a day and no telegraph or telephone, the old-fashioned physician driving about in his chariot to give his patient the satisfaction of "dying regularly by the Faculty," the retired admiral whose fast frigate had made his fortune in the great war, the retired general who had served under Wellington, the retired East Indian, the dowager who dwelt in a solid-looking mansion, surrounded by shade trees, in the outskirts. Those people hardly ever left home; they knew repose, which is now a lost art; the workers among them enjoyed their holiday in leisure, not in travelling as far as they could by rail. They were very social too, though not in the most intellectual way. The same town now has become a railroad centre; it has trebled its size; its old buildings have been pulled down; its crooked streets have been made straight by local improvement; its churches have been restored past recognition; it throbs and whizzes with progress; its society is no longer stationary and quiet, but emigrating and restless; and next door neighbours know nothing of each other. Not all our material improvements are, at least in their present stage, equally improvements of our social state; nor have all the "leaps and bounds" of English wealth been

leaps and bounds of happiness. In some of the old towns in very rural districts which commerce has passed by, the ancient tranquillity reigns, few new houses are built, and people still know their neighbours. But these sanctuaries of dull happiness are mere accidents. Perhaps there will some day be a subsidence after the ferment of invention and progress, a less eager and unsatisfied race will enter into the heritage of these labours, and the art of repose will be recovered.

If the old life of the rural parish and the country town in England is doomed, its departure will put an end to not a few ties and relations which had their value and their charms so long as people did their duty. So thought the writer of these pages as from the top of a cathedral he looked down over the little town, with old mansions on its outskirts, to the country, with its halls and farm houses and cottages beyond, and saw in a field beneath him the volunteers drilling under the command of the local gentlemen. But change is the law, and the future no doubt has better things in store. Only let us remember that movement is not progress, unless it tends to happiness.

England has no Alps, no Rocky Mountains, no Niagara, no very grand or romantic scenery. The English lakes are charming in their quiet way; perhaps the quietest of them, such as Grasmere, charm more than those which, by their bolder scenery, make higher claims on our admiration. The mountain district of North Wales well repays a visit: Snowdon, though its height is not Alpine, is in form a genuine mountain, and the road from Barmouth to Dolgelly, under Cader Idris, is about the most beautiful thing in the island. If the excursion is extended to Scotland when the purple heather is in bloom, hills and lakes will be seen which in brilliancy of colouring at least vie with any lakes and hills in the world. For the English lakes Wordsworth has given us not only a poetic but a spiritual handbook, while we see the Scotch Highlands in the company of Walter Scott, who imparts a sense of enjoyment as fresh as Highland air. Killarney is famed above all its rivals, Scotch or English, and almost the whole of the coast of Ireland is as fine as the interior is unattractive. The island has been compared to an ugly picture set in a beautiful frame. Beautiful above all is the western coast of Ireland, with its purple mountains and the long inlets, into which the Atlantic rolls. The coast scenery of Cornwall and Devonshire, too, is very lovely, while its

interest is enhanced by quaint old villages, such as Clovelly and Polperro, perched on rocky eyries or nestling in deep "combes," with which are linked memories of maritime adventure, of daring warfare with the Armada, of buccaneering forays on the Spanish Main, or of the hardly less daring though less honourable feats of the smugglers in later days. From those shores, too, sailed the adventurers who explored the New World and linked it to the Old. The rocky amphitheatres of the north-eastern coast are magnificent when the waves of the German Ocean climb them in a storm. But the characteristic beauty of England, the beauty in which she has no rival, is of a kind of which mention is fittingly made after a description of her rural society and life. It is the beauty of a land which combines the highest cultivation with sylvan greenness, of an ancient land and a land of lovely homes. The eastern counties are flat and tame. But elsewhere the country is rolling, and from every rising ground the eye ranges over a landscape of extraordinary richness and extraordinary finish. The finish, which is the product of immense wealth laid out on a small area, is perhaps more striking than anything else to the stranger who comes from a raw land of promise. Trees being left in the hedgerows as well as in the parks and pleasure grounds and in the copses, which serve as covers for game, the general appearance is that of woodland, though every rood of the land is under the highest tillage. Gray church towers, hamlets, mansions, homesteads, cottages, showing themselves everywhere, fill the landscape with human interest. There is many a more picturesque, there is no lovelier, land than Old England, and a great body of essentially English poetry from Cowper to Tennyson attests at once the unique character and the potency of the charm. The sweetest season is spring, when the landscape is most intensely green, when the May is in bloom in all the hedges, and the air is full of its fragrance, when the meadows are full of cowslips, the banks of primroses and violets, the woods of the wild hyacinth. Then you feel the joyous spirit that breathes through certain idyllic passages of Shakespeare. To appreciate English scenery a carriage tour is indispensable, for the railroads do not follow the lines of beauty. After seeing Stratford-on-Avon, Coventry and Warwick, you may take a carriage to Banbury, passing by Compton Vineyard, one of the most curious of the ancient manor houses, and making your way to Edgehill, where the first encounter took place

between Charles and the Parliamentary Army, and where a clump of trees waves over the grave of many an Englishman who died for England's right. The way leads along the edge of the great central plateau of England, from which you look down upon as rich a champaign as a painter ever drew. From Banbury you may take the train to Oxford and Blenheim, or you may take the train to Henley, and from Henley go down the Thames in a boat to Windsor. The tract of river scene from Henley to Maidenhead, just above Windsor, is about the best in England, and the view of Windsor as you approach it on the water is the finest. The landscape on which you look down from the singular ridge of Malvern is not less rich than that on which you look down from Edgehill, and at Malvern you have the view both ways. But anywhere in the rural districts, except in the eastern counties, you are sure of finding a landscape which delights the heart. Look on the picture while you may. When democratic agrarianism shall have passed its equalizing plough over all those parks and groves, there may be an improvement in material conditions, but the landscape will enchant no more.

Her perpetual greenness England owes to her much maligned climate. The rain falls not in a three days' storm or a water-spout, but in frequent showers throughout the year. On the Western coast, which receives the clouds from the Atlantic, the climate is wet. But the rainfall elsewhere is not extraordinary. England is in the latitude of Labrador. She owes the comparative mildness of her climate to the Gulf Stream and other oceanic influences, the range of which is limited, so that there are in fact several climates in the island. In the south, tender evergreens flourish and the fig ripens. In the south-west, on the coast of Devonshire and Cornwall, where the Gulf Stream warms the air, the myrtle flourishes and flowers are seen at Christmas. In the North, on the other hand, the winter is very sharp, and the Flora is much more limited. Americans, who cannot bear to think that there is anything bad in their country without comforting themselves with the reflection that there is something worse in England, generally, on a disagreeable day, salute you with the remark, "This is something like English weather!" They can show no weather finer than an English summer evening drawn out into a long twilight. The London fogs are hideous and dangerous, but they are not the climate of England; they are the coal-smoke of five millions of people.

From the praises of English scenery and of the outward aspect of English life must be emphatically excepted the manufacturing districts. Than these, perhaps, earth hardly holds anything less attractive. It is easy to understand that to the soul of the Ruskinite the sight must be torture, though the Ruskinite wears the cloth, uses the hardware, and, when he travels, is drawn by engines made here over rails produced by these forges. The heart of the hideousness is the Black Country of Staffordshire, round Wolverhampton, where not only is the scene by day "black" in the highest degree and in every sense of the term, but the night flares with dismal fires, while the clank of the forges completes the resemblance to Pandemonium. The dark realm extends with varying shades of darkness over a great part of the North Midland counties. Once these were pleasant dales, down which coursed bright streams. The streams, in fact, by the water power which they afforded, first drew manufactures to the district. Here and there in the outskirts of a manufacturing town an old manor house will still be found standing as a witness to the days of clear skies, fresh air, and untainted waters. Where, in those days, the hunter ranged and the falcon flew, the population is now so dense that the whole district seems one vast city. Behold the greatest marvels which earth has to show in the way of machinery, mechanical skill, and industrial organization. Pay the homage due to the mighty power of production and gratefully acknowledge the vast addition which it has made to human wealth and comfort. Embrace in your view the possibilities of a future economy of labour, such as may, in the times to come, bring the toilers increase of leisure, enjoyment, and civilization. Judge for yourself at the same time from the aspect of the people and their habitations whether a great extension of factory life on its present footing is an unmixed blessing to a nation, and whether on the whole those nations are not the happiest for which the manufacturing is done by others. The employment of women in factories and the effect of this upon the women themselves, the health of offspring, and the home are especially worthy of attention. Whether life is worth living is a question which seems likely to present itself with no ordinary force to one who toils in a cotton mill or foundry, and dwells in one of those dismal rows of dingy cottages beneath a constant pall of smoke. The ordinary workman sees at all events the completed work of his own hands and may have more or less of satisfaction in its completion. If it

is well done he may have real joy in its excellence. A factory hand sees nothing but that particular part of the process which forms the unvarying work of his own day; he is little more than a human hammer or spindle, and ranks not with the artisan, much less with the artist, but with the almost automatic machine. He may well be pardoned if his tastes are not high, and if he indemnifies himself after his dull toil by spending his wages in animal indulgence. The scene can hardly be viewed with entire satisfaction by any one but a millionaire whose wealth is advancing by leaps and bounds. The separation of the class of employers from that of the employed is a bad feature in the social organization of these communities. The millionaire no longer lives besides his mill; naturally enough, he prefers purer air: the day's business over, he drives off to his villa in the suburbs and his hands can know him only as a master. If they walk out into the suburbs on Sunday they see his mansion, tell each other that it is the produce of their labour of which they have been defrauded, and become ripe for Socialism and strikes. A noble attempt was made by the late Sir Titus Salt to organize factory life on a happier footing, to render it brighter, healthier, cleaner, and to place within the reach of the people the means of culture and enjoyment. Saltaire, near Bradford, his model manufacturing community, is well worth a visit. On the whole, the benevolence which created and sustains it seems to be rewarded, though here, as at Pullman, the American counterpart of Saltaire, there are difficulties to contend with in the somewhat stiff-necked independence of the people, by which the patience of philanthropy is apt to be sorely tried.

In the time of Charles I. when manufactures were only in the germ, and when feudal relations and sentiments still lingered in the north, these districts were the special seat of Loyalism. They are now the special seat of Radicalism. National sentiment is not strong among the factory hands. They think more of the Trade Union than of the country. The region is politically not so much a part of Old England, as of the world's labour market. Whatever influence it may be destined to exert on the future development of humanity, it has little connection with the historic greatness of the nation. The chief danger to the greatness of the nation in truth arises from the influence of the factory hands in alliance with other ultra-democratic and unpatriotic elements of the electorate. Municipal spirit is however strong, and municipal organization is carried to a

high perfection. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Birmingham is a model municipality in its way, though its way is rather that of the "authoritative Radical" than that of Liberals and Reformers of the old school who had "liberty and property" for their watchword.

So much wealth could hardly fail, where there was any feeling for beauty or local pride, to embody itself in some forms of magnificence. The new City Hall and other public buildings in the great manufacturing cities of the North of England vie in sumptuousness at least with the edifices of Ghent and Antwerp, though the atmosphere laden with smoke is a cruel drawback to architectural beauty. Nor are the great warehouses of Manchester, which is the chief centre of distribution, without an austere grandeur of their own. The mansions of the chiefs of these vast armies of industry in the outskirts of the cities are often very handsome, and their owners are not seldom munificent patrons of art. Manchester is famous not only for her bales but for Art Exhibitions.

It is with less mixed feelings that the visitor's attention is called to the wonders of the Liverpool docks, and of the mercantile marine of England. In all the world of labour there is nothing sounder, stronger, braver than the British seaman. It is to be feared that few lives in the world of labour are harder than is his upon the wintry seas. He is the very sinew of the country as well as the greatest producer of its wealth, and his qualities are a main source of what is noblest in the national character. Unhappily, while all the factory hands vote, the seamen cannot vote; thus the least national and patriotic part of the people exercises its full influence in determining the destinies of the country, while the most national and patriotic exercises no influence at all.

Fancy mail coaches still run. But the genuine mail coach lives now only in old prints, or in those pen-pictures of Dickens, which are the most admirable descriptions of everything that met the eyes of Sam Weller fifty years ago, while in their contrast with all that now exists they mark the rapidity of change, for the subjects of some of them belong as completely to the past as the coats and cravats of the Regency. The outside of a mail coach was pleasant enough on a fine day; it was not so pleasant in rain, with the umbrella of the passenger on the seat behind you dripping down your back, or when you had to sit upright all night afraid of sleeping lest you should fall off. Moreover you were very liable to be upset, in

which case, as the luggage piled on the coach-top was apt to fall upon you, the carnage among the outsiders was often considerable. The British railroad, like everything else in England, is finished to perfection, and on such a line as the Great Western, which bespeaks the lavish genius of Brunel, you travel at the greatest attainable speed with the most perfect safety. The service is altogether excellent, and democracy has not yet found its way into the manners of the guards and porters. As a set-off there is a good deal of feeing. In England generally indeed, you are too often called upon to grease the wheels of life in this way. The Canadian or American will remark differences between the English railway fashions and ours. The carriages, instead of being long and undivided, so as to seat fifty or sixty people, are divided into bodies, the bodies in the first-class seating only six or eight, and those which seat eight being sometimes divided again into two compartments. The arrangement of the carriages may be in part a survival of the structure of the mail coach, but it has probably been also in part determined by the structure of society. Aristocracy delights in privacy and seclusion. "You would reduce a gentleman" was the answer of one of that class, when asked to come into public life, "to the level of a king or a grocer." Among the gentry of former days it was against caste to travel in a public conveyance. Antipathy to such vulgarization entered largely into the hatred of railroads, expressed by that comic troubadour of aristocracy, Theodore Hook. There were persons of quality who lived far into the railroad days, yet never entered a railway carriage: they persisted in posting laboriously in their own carriages along the line of a railway. At first the fashion was to have your own carriage strapped on a truck behind the train; a process which required you to be at the station an hour before the train started, while if the strapping was not tight, the consequence was a motion of the carriage which made you sick. A body or a compartment which you can engage for your own party is the last remnant of the cherished privacy. The absence of the system of checking baggage is to be accounted for partly by the multiplicity of branch lines, which would make the process very difficult; but another cause probably is that members of the governing class travel with valets and maids who save them the trouble of looking after their baggage. Looking after baggage on an English railway is no inconsiderable item in those cares of travelling which, when recreation for the weary brain is

sought not in rest but in locomotion, sometimes worry almost as much as the cares of business. Your baggage is labelled with your destination. On some lines it is also labelled with the initial letter of your name, and on arrival at a terminus the pieces are distributed according to the letters: whence it came to pass that an ecclesiastical dignitary, whose name began with L, had to lodge a complaint before the Board against a porter, who when he asked for his baggage had told him to go to "Hell!" There are sleeping cars on one or two of the longest trunk lines; but in general there is no need of sleeping cars. The wealth and power of England lie in a very small compass. We have all heard of the American who when sojourning in the Island abstained from going out at night "for fearing of falling off." "This is a great country, sir," cannot be said by an Englishman, whatever his pride may whisper about the greatness of his nation.

With the mail coach and the posting system has departed the Old English Inn, wherein a traveller in Johnson's time took his pleasure, and the comforts of which occupy a prominent place in the philosophy of life according to Dickens. About your only chance of enjoying that happiness, which consists in being welcomed after a cold journey by a smiling landlady and warming your slippered feet before a bright fire in a cosy private room, while your neatly dressed dinner is being set upon the table, depends upon your lighting upon one of those country inns to which sportsmen still resort for the hunting or fishing season. Hotels in the great cities of England are not what they are in the United States, where genius is devoted to hotel-keeping which might make a great statesman or general. People in England do not board in hotels. That undomestic habit is largely a consequence of the servant difficulty, which, in lands where no one likes to call anybody master or mistress, often makes housekeeping purgatorial. In England as well as here the difficulty exists, but not in so desperate a form. The old-fashioned English household, consisting of servants who attached themselves to the family for life, identified themselves with its interests, and felt a pride in its consequence, is now a memory of the past, or lingers as a reality only in some very sequestered country house with a very good master of the old school. Servants are educated: they write letters and correspond with the world without, which in more primitive days they did not, and they share the general restlessness by which society is pervaded. Moreover the migratory habits of the employers render the

maintenance of settled households very difficult, and therefore preclude strong attachments. But the democratic idea, which is the chief source of the trouble, and seems likely even to prove fatal in the end to the relation altogether, has not yet thoroughly penetrated the English kitchen and servants' hall. There is not the same strong preference for the "independence" of factory life, nor are things come to such a pass that your cook takes herself off without notice, perhaps on the morning of a dinner-party, and leaves you to get your dinner cooked as you may.

Among the marvels of England may certainly be counted the vastness and complexity of the railway system, which will be impressed upon your mind by standing on the platform, say at Clapham Junction, and watching the multiplicity of trains rushing in different directions. Withal, the punctuality, regularity, and freedom from accidents are wonderful; and they depend, be it remembered, on the strict and faithful performance of duty by every man among many thousands, not taken from the class in which the sense of honour is supposed to have its peculiar seat, who are tried by exposure to the roughest weather, and to all the temptations of intemperance which arise from fatigue and cold combined. A moment of inattention on the part of a weary pointsman or an extra glass of grog taken on a bitter winter's night would be followed by wreck and massacre. Carlyle, spinning along in perfect safety at the rate of forty or even sixty miles an hour, among all those intersecting roads and through numberless possibilities of collision, might surely have inferred, if the mind of the arch-cynic had been open to a genial inference, that the Present was not so much more anarchical than the Past as the author of *Past and Present* had assumed. In the railway army, at all events, a discipline prevails not inferior to that which prevailed in the army of Frederick, while the railway army is not recruited by crimping or held to its duty by the lash. There is anarchy now, no doubt, and there is roguery in trade and industry; but there was at least as much of both in the days of Abbot Sampson as Abbot Sampson's own history proved.

To turn to London. The huge city perhaps never impressed the imagination more than when approaching it by night on the top of a coach you saw its numberless lights flaring, as Tennyson says "like a dreary dawn." The most impressive approach is now by the river through the infinitude of docks, quays, and shipping. London is not a city, but a

province of brick and stone. Hardly even from the top of St. Paul's or of the Monument can anything like a view of the city as a whole be obtained. It is indispensable, however, to make one or the other of those ascents when a clear day can be found, not so much because the view is fine, as because you will get a sensation of vastness and multitude not easily to be forgotten. There is, or was not long ago, a point on the ridge which connects Hampstead with Highgate from which, as you looked over London to the Surrey Hills beyond, the modern Babylon presented something like the aspect of a city. The ancient Babylon may have vied with London in circumference, but the greater part of its area was occupied by open spaces; the modern Babylon is a dense mass of humanity. London with its suburbs has five millions of inhabitants, and still it grows. It grows through the passion which seems to be seizing mankind everywhere, on this continent as well as in Europe, for emigration from the country into the town, not only as the centre of wealth and employment but as the centre of excitement, and, as the people fondly fancy, of enjoyment. It grows also by immigration from other countries: the immigration of Germans is large enough to oust the natives from many employments, especially clerkships, and is breeding jealousy on that account. Worst of all, London is said within a recent period to have received many thousands of Polish Jews. What municipal government can be expected to contend successfully against such an influx, added to all the distress and evil with which every great capital in itself abounds? The Empire and the commercial relations of England draw representatives of trading communities or subject races from all parts of the globe, and the faces and costumes of the Hindoo, the Parsi, the Lascar, and the ubiquitous Chinaman, mingle in the motley crowd with the merchants of Europe and America. The streets of London are, in this respect, to the modern what the great Place of Tyre must have been to the ancient world. But pile Carthage on Tyre, Venice on Carthage, Amsterdam on Venice, and you will not make the equal, or anything near the equal, of London. Here is the great mart of the world, to which the best and richest products are brought from every land and clime, so that if you have put money in your purse you may command every object of utility or fancy which grows or is made anywhere without going beyond the circuit of the great cosmopolitan city. Parisian, German, Russian, Hindoo, Japanese, Chinese industry is as much at your service here, if

you have the all-compelling talisman in your pocket, as in Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Benares, Yokohama or Pekin. That London is the great distributing centre of the world is shown by the fleets of the carrying-trade of which the countless masts rise along her wharves and in her docks. She is also the bank of the world. But we are reminded of the vicissitudes of commerce and the precarious tenure by which its empire is held when we consider that the bank of the world in the middle of the last century was Amsterdam.

The first and perhaps the greatest marvel of London is the commissariat. How can the five millions be regularly supplied with food, and everything needful to life, even with such things as milk and those kinds of fruit which can hardly be left beyond a day? Here again we see reason for excepting to the sweeping jeremiads of cynicism, and concluding that though there may be fraud and scamping in the industrial world, genuine production, faithful service, disciplined energy, and skill in organization cannot wholly have departed from the earth. London is not only well fed, but well supplied with water and well drained. Vast and densely peopled as it is, it is a healthy city. Yet the limit of practicable extension seems to be nearly reached. It becomes a question how the increasing multitude shall be supplied not only with food and water but with air.

There is something very impressive in the roar of the vast city. It is the sound of a Niagara of human life. It ceases not except during the hour or two before dawn, when the last carriages have rolled away from the balls and the market carts have hardly began to come in. Only in returning from a very late ball is the visitor likely to have a chance of seeing what Wordsworth saw from Westminster Bridge:

> Earth has not anything to show more fair:
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty:
> This City now doth, like a garment, wear
> The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
> All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
> Never did sun more beautifully steep
> In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
> Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
> The river glideth at his own sweet will:
> Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
> And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Everybody has something to say about the painful contrast between the extremes of wealth and poverty in London, and people from new countries, where the pressure on the means of subsistence is as yet comparatively little felt, are very apt to turn up their hands and eyes, and thank heaven that they are not as those English. Painful the contrast is, and hideous some of the low quarters of London are, above all at night, when the fatal gin-palaces flare, and round them gather sickly and ragged forms coming to barter perhaps the last garment or the bread of to-morrow for an hour of excitement or oblivion. But in the first place we must remember, that pictures of London misery have been sought out and presented in the most glaring colours for the purposes of literary sensation. In the second place we must remember, that among five millions there is inevitably much distress, caused not only by want, but by disease, intemperance, crime, and accidents, for which the community is not to blame. In the third place we must remember, the great immigration of needy, or worse than needy, foreigners already mentioned. Charity, we find on inquiry, is active: often in those crowded and noisome alleys we shall meet its gentle ministers, and we shall be told that they pass safely on their mission even through the worst haunts of crime. Nor does the number of the destitute and suffering after all bear any proportion to the number of those for whom the great city provides a livelihood, and who are living in decency and comfort, with all the opportunities of domestic happiness and all the appliances of the most advanced civilization. The misery of London is more repulsive than that of some other cities in its aspect, partly on account of the dinginess produced by the smoke, partly because it is crowded into such close quarters. The streets being, like those of ancient cities generally, too narrow and crooked for street railways, the people are compelled to live close to the centres of employment, especially to the docks. Still, when all allowances have been made, the bad quarters of London are a sad sight, and one which it may be morally useful to Dives amidst his purple and fine linen to have seen. They are sources of social and political danger too, as recent outbreaks of their squalid turbulence have proved. They are the English Faubourg St. Antoine.

The East of London, which is the old city, is, as all know, the business quarter. Let the worshipper of Mammon when he sets foot in Lombard Street, adore his divinity, of all whose temples this is the richest and the

most famous. Note the throng incessantly threading those narrow and tortuous streets. Nowhere are the faces so eager or the steps so hurried, except perhaps in the business quarter of New York. Commerce has still its centre here; but the old social and civic life of the city has fled. What once were the dwellings of the merchants of London are now vast collections of offices. The merchants dwell in the mansions of the West End, their clerks in villas and boxes without number, to which when their offices close they are taken by the suburban railways. On Sunday a more than Sabbath stillness reigns in those streets, while in the churches, the monuments of Wren's architectural genius, which in Wren's day were so crowded, the clergyman sleepily performs the service to a congregation which you may count upon your fingers. It is worth while to visit the city on a Sunday. Here and there, in a back street, may still be seen what was once the mansion of a merchant prince, ample and stately, with the rooms which in former days displayed the pride of commercial wealth and resounded with the festivities of the olden time; now the sound of the pen alone is heard. These and other relics of former days are fast disappearing before the march of improvement, which is driving straight new streets through the antique labyrinth. Some of the old thoroughfares as well as the old names remain. There is Cheapside, along which, through the changeful ages, so varied a procession of history has swept. There is Fleet Street, close to which, in Bolt Court, Johnson lived, and which he preferred or affected to prefer to the finest scenes of nature. Temple Bar, once grimly garnished with the heads of traitors, has been numbered with the things of the past, after furnishing Mr. Bright by the manner in which the omnibuses were jammed in it, with a vivid simile for a Legislative deadlock.

In days of old when the city was not only the capital of commerce and the centre of commercial life but a great political and even a great military power—when not only did kings and party chiefs look to it for the sinews of war, but its trainbands were able to hold their own in the field of Newbury against Rupert's Cavaliers—the Lord Mayor was one of the most important personages in the realm. Foreigners, and notably the French, persist in fancying that he is one of the most important personages of the realm still, and an ex-Lord Mayor showed himself well-informed as to French opinion, though not so well instructed in

the French language, when travelling in France, he inscribed on his card "*feu Lord Mayor de Londres.*" But now the curious pageant, resembling that of an exaggerated circus, which on the 9th of November wends its way from the City to Westminster at the installation of the new Lord Mayor, is an apt emblem of the state of an office which struggles to keep up its outward splendour when its intrinsic grandeur has passed away. The Lord Mayor represents the city's majesty and provides its turtle: he is the official patron of benevolent movements and charities, he is still treated by Royalty with formal consideration, and receives a special communication when a Prince or Princess is born. But the power which city kings, like Gresham or Whittington, wielded has passed away and the genuine dignity with the power. The great chiefs of commerce do not take the office, which in truth has acquired a certain comic tinge. The essential qualifications of its holder are ability and willingness to spend money freely in the hospitalities of which the Mansion House, once the home of serious counsels, is now the proverbial scene, and which are generally said to be more lavish and sumptuous than intellectual. To borrow a phrase from Tom Moore, "he who dines at the Mansion House dines where more good things are eaten than said." He goes to "feed" in the most literal sense of the term on turtle and champagne. "Oh, Sir, I am so hungry," said a beggar to an Alderman, who was on his way to a Lord Mayor's feast. "Lucky dog, I wish *I* were," was the reply. Perhaps the most important remnant of former greatness is the customary presence at the Lord Mayor's inaugural banquet of the Prime Minister, who is expected to take that opportunity of delivering himself to the nation on public affairs. The Prime Minister, being the real king, this may be said to be the real king's speech, though like the constitutional performance of the same kind it is naturally apt to be buckram.

A sumptuous relic of the great commercial city of the Middle Ages are the city companies, with their great estates and their splendid banqueting hall. The halls of the Goldsmiths, the Merchant Taylors, and the Fishmongers' Guilds will well repay a visit. Of the ancient functions of these companies little of course remains. They are now mercantile and social fraternities, with the dignity of antiquity, and such influences as belong to any great corporation exercising a splendid hospitality and making a benevolent use of part at least of their wealth in the mainte-

nance of schools and charities. Some of them have assumed a political tinge, the Goldsmiths being Tory and the Fishmongers Whig. The axe of reform has for some time been laid to the root of this tree; but the tree still stands and excellent repasts are spread under its shade.

Society has migrated to the Westward, leaving far behind the ancient abodes of aristocracy, the Strand, where once stood a long line of patrician dwellings, Great Queen Street, where Shaftesbury's house may still be seen, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where, in the time of George II., the Duke of Newcastle held his levée of office-seekers, and Russell Square, now reduced to a sort of dowager gentility. Hereditary mansions too ancient and magnificent to be deserted, such as Norfolk House, Spencer House, and Lansdowne House, stayed the westward course of aristocracy at St. James's Square and Street, Piccadilly, and Mayfair; but the general tide of fashion has swept far beyond. In that vast realm of wealth and pleasure, the West End of London, the eye is not satisfied with seeing, neither the ear with hearing. There is not, nor has there ever been, anything like it in the world. Notes of admiration might be accumulated to any extent without aiding the impression. In every direction the visitor may walk till he is weary through streets and squares of houses, all evidently the abodes of wealth, some of them veritable palaces. The parks are thronged, the streets are blocked with handsome equipages, filled with the rich and gay. Shops blaze with costly wares, and abound with everything that can minister to luxury. On a fine bright day of May or early June, and days of May or early June are often as bright in London as anywhere, the Park is probably the greatest display of wealth and of the pride of wealth in the world. The contrast with the slums of the East End no doubt is striking, and we cannot wonder if the soul of the East End is sometimes filled with bitterness at the sight. A social Jeremiah might be moved to holy wrath by the glittering scene. The seer, however, might be reminded that not all the owners of those carriages are the children of idleness, living by the sweat of another man's brow; many of them are professional men or chiefs of industry, working as hard with their brains as any mechanic works with his hands, and indispensable ministers of the highest civilization. The number and splendour of the equipages are thought to have been somewhat diminished of late by the reduction of rents. The architecture of the West End of London is for the most part

drearily monotonous: its forms have too plainly been determined by the builder, not by the artist, though since the restoration of art, varieties of style have been introduced and individual beauty has been more cultivated. It is the boundless expanse of opulence, street after street, square after square, that most impresses the beholder, and makes him wonder from what miraculous horn of plenty such a tide of riches can have been poured.

A notable feature of London life are the Clubs which form a line of palaces along Pall Mall. On this side of the water we have Clubs, but club-life has not reached anything like the same point of development. Marriage in the Old Country is later than it is here, the avenues of the professions being more crowded, and to board in hotels is not the fashion. Young men take lodgings and board in their Club. In the Club they have every possible luxury, physical and intellectual, provided for them at the cheapest rate, and they command an establishment such as a millionaire could scarcely afford to keep. Yet few of the number would prefer to live on at the Club when they could afford to exchange it even for the least luxurious home. Better, most of them would say, is cold mutton and domestic cheerfulness therewith than soup, fish, and *entrées*, followed by a lonely evening. The Club, commonly speaking, has ceased to be social, nor is common membership an introduction, so that the inmate of a Club may sit lonely in a full room. There is, of course, more fellowship in the Clubs with special objects, which form a tie among the members: in political clubs such as the Carlton and the Reform and Brooke's; in professional Clubs such as the United Service, or in Clubs of particular circles, such as the Travellers' and the Garrick. To enter some of the select Clubs is to go socially through the eye of a needle. At the head of the list may be placed the Athenæum, in its origin literary and scientific, as the name denotes, but now general, though still with an intellectual cast. In its home, on Waterloo Place, men of distinction in all lines meet in the hours between the closing of the offices and dinner. Entrance is difficult, and the candidate has to wait many years before his name comes on for ballot.

The outside of London Society may be seen on a fine day in the Park; it may be seen in full dress at the opera, especially if Royalty happens to be there; it may be seen in Court dress, rolling along the avenues to

Buckingham Palace on the afternoon of a drawing-room, when the curious may also enjoy a view of the British family chariot, with hammercloth, fat coachman in wig and bouquet, and liveried flunkeys with stuffed calves and gold-headed canes behind. Of the inside of London Society a glimpse can be obtained by the stranger only through the novel. Socially, as well as commercially, London is unlike other capitals in being the centre of everything at once. Politics, commerce, law, literature, science, and art, all are gathered there. This lends to conversation at once a variety and a solid interest which, in a mere political city, in a mere commercial city, or in a mere pleasure city, it would not possess. There is no formality or stiffness in London Society; no society in truth can be more free, or even more hearty during the hours of intercourse. What is necessarily wanting, when the circle is so immense, is intimacy, the charm of life; for no mere acquaintance, however brilliant, can be so interesting as those whom you know well. Intimacy is possible only in smaller circles, which those who have lived regularly in London may form. Where there are such numbers to be entertained there cannot fail to be a good deal of the mere social battue; there are great dinner parties at which you have no more intercourse with any one but the guest who sits beside you, than if you were all dining at the same restaurant; there are balls, at which nobody can dance, and not all can get upstairs; there are crushes at which you stand jammed, perhaps in a sultry summer evening, and struggling against the overpowering buzz to talk to some one against whom you have been jammed, but to whom you do not want to talk about something which you do not want to talk about. Perhaps the best months for social enjoyment are those which precede the beginning of "the season," and during which parties are small, while of those who are most worth meeting, many have already been brought by the government offices, the law courts, or other professional work to town. Of course, in London, as in every quarter of Vanity Fair, there must be such vanities as Thackeray describes. There must be social grades with their jealousies and heart-burnings and mean ambitions. One hears of an aspirant to a higher grade getting some great lady who patronizes her to invite the guest to her parties. One hears even of bribery and of a large sum given for an invitation to a high-caste ball. These miseries and humiliations are exceptional and self-imposed; in every vast concourse of pleasure-seekers, there must be a sense of hollowness.

It is something to feel that those among whom you live will miss you a little when you die In such a world as London, nobody can be much missed when he dies. One would prefer at all events, to end life in the country, and lay one's bones in a country churchyard. Nothing is more dismal than the pomp of a funeral struggling with its mockery of woe to the "Necropolis" through the tide of business and pleasure in a London street.

The vastness of the circle and the light humour of a pleasure-loving society, which makes it impatient of intellectual display, are likely to rather interfere with the ascendency of great talkers such as reigned forty or fifty years ago. Macaulay's style has been often described. He turned the conversation into a monologue and talked diluted essays, wonderful for their fluency, finish, and for the stores of information which they displayed, but naturally regarded as a bore by those who wanted to talk themselves, and sometimes felt to be a bore even by those who wanted only to listen and be amused. It was provoking when somebody had just begun a good story or an interesting reminiscence to have him silenced by a flood of dissertation. Macaulay had a wonderful power of keeping the talk even in the largest company to himself, and eating a very good dinner at the same time. Rogers was a teller of stories, which he had polished to the highest perfection, and with which, at a dinner party, he generally entertained the men when the ladies had left the room amidst a silence of attention which it was highly penal to break, for never was there a self-love more sensitive or a bitterer tongue. Milman was a very interesting talker; he was a little learned perhaps; but his talk was a genuine outpouring, not a pedantic display. Sir David Dundas, now forgotten, was the most charming of all; he did not declaim but conversed, and drew out the company while he displayed his own gift. After all, the most popular of talkers must be he who makes other people think that they have said good things. Hayward was an anecdotist; and his fit audience was not so much London society as a party in a great country house. Those parties in the great country houses are the reunions which most nearly correspond in England to the old French *Salon*, both in its light and its serious aspect. At The Grange, in Hampshire, a party of this kind used to be assembled by Lady Ashburton, whose name has been made familiar to us by the Life of Carlyle and by a biographical notice from the pen of Lord Houghton,

himself a notable Amphitryon. Lady Ashburton was as near a counterpart as England could produce of the great lady of France before the Revolution, and was endowed with conversational powers, especially with a power of repartee, which fitted her to be the head as well as the hostess of her brilliant circle. Conspicuous in that circle was Samuel, Bishop of Oxford, the Episcopal side of whose character was not the only side. Among men of the world and wits Wilberforce was a man of the world and a wit. All the time no doubt he persuaded himself that he was drawing the men of this world into the Church's fold; but which way the real attraction was, to observers at Lady Ashburton's dinner or breakfast-table seemed doubtful. Carlyle was another frequent visitor and a prime favourite at The Grange, as readers of the Life know. He poured forth a continuous stream of cynicism, as bitter and indiscriminate as the east wind, on all things and men. There was no measure or sense, though there was often genius and grim humour in what he said. You were struck at first with the force and picturesqueness of the language; but the exaggeration and the monotony of the perpetual jeremiads wearied most of his hearers at last.

Some of the great mansions, in this era of gambling speculation when fortunes are quickly won and lost, have had strange tales to tell. At Kensington, the other day, rose a pile which vied with Royalty, but before the builder could take up his abode in it the gold given by the evil genie had melted away. One of the great mansions at Albert Gate was once the palace of the Railway King, who, in his prosperous hour, saw in his halls all the brightest and proudest of the land, assembled to pay homage to Mammon, and perhaps to beg a moment's use of the Aladdin's lamp which makes men suddenly rich. The Railway King, who set out an honest and prosperous shopkeeper, died in penury, the whole of his sinister gains having been wrung from him as was supposed under threat of the law.

The outskirts of London are full of villas, but life there is said not to be social. For no purpose can the dwellers of those villas be brought together. The man goes up to town by the morning train, spends his day in business, comes home to dinner and after dinner reads his paper. For a couple of months in each year the pair go off to lodgings by themselves at the seaside. Such is the description given by those who know suburban life well. More enjoyment might be had at a less price than that for which the master of the villa spends his days in toil, and here again we

seem to see that what is called progress, that is, increase of wealth, is not necessarily increase of happiness.

A beautiful city London cannot be called. In beauty it is no match for Paris. The smoke which not only blackens, but corrodes, is fatal to the architecture as well as to the atmosphere. Moreover, the fine buildings, which if brought together would form a magnificent assemblage, are scattered over the immense city, and some of them are ruined by their surroundings. There is a fine group at Westminster, and the view from the steps under the Duke of York's column across St. James' Park is beautiful. But even at Westminster meanness jostles splendour, and the picture is marred by Mr. Hankey's huge Tower of Babel rising near. London has had no ædile like Hausmann. The Embankment on the one side of the Thames is noble in itself, but you look across from it at the hideous warehouses and dirty wharves of Southwark. Nothing is more charming than a fine water street; and this water street might be very fine were it not marred by the projection of a huge railway shed. The new Courts of Law, a magnificent, though it is said inconvenient, pile, instead of being placed on the Embankment or in some large open space, are choked up and lost in rookeries. London, we must repeat, has had no ædile. Perhaps the finest view is that from a steamboat on the river, embracing the Houses of Parliament, Somerset House, and the Temple, with St. Paul's rising above the whole.

Westminster is the centre of politics. It may be said historically to be the centre of politics, not for London and Great Britain only, but for the civilized world. All civilized nations both in Europe and America, as well as all the British Colonies, have now adopted the constitution which was here founded and developed, with a single head of the State and two Chambers; though with regard to the headship of the State and the Upper Chamber, the elective has, in the most advanced politics, been substituted for the hereditary principle, while in the cases of the United States and Switzerland there is a federal as well as a national element. The Roman imposed his institutions with arms upon a conquered world: a willing world has adopted the institutions which had their original seat at Westminster. But the British Constitution now means little more than the omnipotence of the House of Commons. The immense edifice is still styled the palace; but the king who now dwells in the palace is the

sovereign people, or perhaps rather the sovereign caucus. If you chance, which is very unlikely, to see the Queen open Parliament, you may get a lesson in Constitutional Government. There she rides in her gilded coach of State, with the State coachman and horses, with lords and ladies in waiting, pages and equerries surrounding her, and with a glittering guard of cuirassiers. Nominally, that lady ratifies or rejects all legislation at her good pleasure, at her good pleasure makes war or peace, and herself appoints all officers of State, all judges, all commanders by land and sea. Practically it has been settled that she has not the power of appointing her own waiting-women. The authority that once was hers now vests in that plainly dressed man in the crowd, on whom no train attends, for whom nobody makes way, to whom, it may be, no one doffs his hat. The speech which she reads is that man's speech, and as he has written it she must read it. They told George II. that a wretch had presumed to counterfeit the King's speech, but he would soon be brought to justice. "Let the poor fellow alone," replied the King, "I have read both speeches, and I like the counterfeit much the best."

That the Houses of Parliament, with the colossal clock tower from which booms Big Ben, are majestic and imposing cannot be denied. Architecture is the most material of the arts, and in its productions size and costliness go a long way even without genius. The river front has been with too much truth compared to a fender, and the elaborate ornament of the exterior is doomed to be spoiled by the smoke. Nor in the inside, though all is rich and magnificent, is the effect that of spaciousness or grandeur. The halls of debate are too much ornamented. When this is the case attention is distracted from the assembly and the speakers. It is interesting to see the constitutional fiction preserved, as it is even in the Parliament House at Ottawa, by decorating with special gorgeousness the Chamber of that House which has been stripped of all its power. The Celestial Emperor of Japan has more than one counterpart in England, ever conservative of forms. Curiously enough, the collective science of the country which was applied to the construction of those Houses, failed both in the ventilation and the acoustics. In the House of Lords it was so difficult to hear that it used to be said that members went out to buy an evening paper that they might learn what the debate was about. The Houses are divided down the middle, in conformity with the Party theory

of government, the Ministerial sheep being upon the right of the Speaker's chair, the Opposition goats upon the left. The ancient forms meet and please the historic eye. There is the "bauble," waiting perhaps for another Cromwell, when government by faction shall have worn out the patience of mankind. There is the Speaker's wig, which it was said Sheridan might have plucked off with impunity after his "Begum speech," so transported was the House with his eloquence. There is the Sergeant-at-Arms with his sword to defend the Commons against the bravoes of Charles I.

A debate should be heard, if possible, from a seat "under the gallery" where the spectator is on a level with the speakers. In the gallery you miss not a little of the play. Hear it where you will, a debate is no longer what it was in the days of the Grand Remonstrance, in those of the great party battles which raged through the reigns of William and Anne, or even in those of Walpole and Pitt. The real debate then took place in the House, and the struggle for political ascendancy was decided by the efforts of rival speakers on that floor. The real debate, in our times, takes place, not on the floor of Parliament, but in the open court of public opinion. Its chief organs are not Parliamentary orators, but the journals whose representatives sit yonder in the reporter's gallery, and whose offices on Fleet Street or in Printing House Square bespeak, with their lighted fronts, the work which subtle and active brains are carrying on in them through the long night and almost to dawn of day. The speeches delivered in the House of Commons, as a rule, are hardly intended, much less expected, to turn votes; they are manifestoes addressed fully as much to the country as to the House, and for the most part they contain substantially little which has not appeared in the morning's editorials. Still it is well worth the stranger's while to attend a good debate in the House of Commons. If he can get admission when a great faction fight is going on and the fate of a Ministry is trembling in the balance, he will find the entertainment at least as good as a play. The average of speaking is not so high in the House of Commons as in Congress; but the level of the best speakers is higher. American oratory almost always savours somewhat of the school of elocution, and has the fatal drawback of being felt to aim at effect. The greatest of English speakers, such as John Bright, the greatest of all, or Gladstone,

create no such impression: you feel that their only aim is to produce conviction.

Westminster Abbey is pronounced by Mr. Freeman the most glorious of English churches. But its special attraction for the stranger is that which it possesses as the central fane of the English-speaking race and the sepulchre of our great men. Its character in this respect has been asserted by the erection of a monument in it to an American poet and the performance of a funeral service for an American President beneath its roof. Not by any means all the great men of England however are buried in Westminster Abbey. To visit Shakespeare's grave a special pilgrimage must be made to his own Stratford-on-Avon, with its old church and shady church walk, the beloved and worthy retreat of his later years. St. Paul's holds some famous graves: among them are those of Wellington and Nelson. Peel sleeps among his family at Drayton, Cobden in a country churchyard. Selection did not begin early enough; and among the illustrious dead are obtruded some dead who are not illustrious and yet occupy an immoderate space with their monuments. Some of the monuments, it must be owned, might with advantage be removed from a Christian Church to a heathen Pantheon, while some might be better for being macadamized. Perhaps, as a monument, nothing in Westminster Abbey is so striking as the simple sarcophagus of the Duke of Wellington in the crypt of St. Paul's.

Law has now migrated from Westminster Hall to the New Courts though if another Strafford or another Hastings were to be impeached, the great judicial pageant, it is to be presumed, would be again exhibited in Westminster Hall. But here also we are on sacred ground. Here were preserved, though under rude and sometimes half-barbarous forms, the great principles of justice, while over the rest of Europe prevailed arbitrary tribunals, secret procedure, imprisonment without legal warrant, and judicial torture. Trial by jury and the other great judicial institutions of England have, like her political institutions, gone round the world. English justice still keeps its scarlet and ermine, with some other vestiges of ancient state, which may perhaps be displeasing to the severe republican eye. But with such outward helps to reverence, the common people in England at any rate cannot yet afford to dispense. The ermine at all events is stainless. A century and a half ago Lord Chancellor Maccles-

field was impeached and deprived, not for selling judgments, but for selling offices. Otherwise, since the expulsion of the Stuarts, no suspicion has ever been breathed against the incorruptibility of an English judge.

Of all nations, with the possible exception of the Greeks, England has produced the greatest and the finest body of poetry. It is singular that she should have produced so little comparatively in the way of art. Indifferent to art she certainly is not, since she has just given three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a not supremely interesting Raphael. However, in the National Gallery, besides a general collection which is allowed to be very fine and instructive, will be seen some native paintings which seem to show that the training and direction rather than the faculty have hitherto been wanting. There will be found the best works of Turner, the supreme genius surely of landscape painting, alone in his power of producing on canvas what a poet sees in nature. There too is Gainsborough, though his "Blue Boy," which every one should make a point of seeing, is in the private collection of the Duke of Westminster. Hogarth belongs to a much humbler grade, yet few paintings are more pathetic than the last in the series of "Marriage à la Mode." The great general painters are the best portrait painters: Reynolds cannot vie with Titian, but he presents to us in a very interesting and engaging way, whatever was graceful, sweet, and half-poetic in a polished and refined society. The late Prince Consort has been accused of meddling with things with which he had better not have meddled; but he gave a real impulse to the study of art in all its grades. Of that study the great centre now is Kensington, and its home is marked by the growth of buildings of a highly æsthetic character. It would be presumptuous in any one who is ignorant of art to express an opinion about the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Few of us perhaps would be able to discern how the Masters of the present day fall below the Old Masters in technical skill. What to the unskilled eye seems wanting is not greater technical skill, but more interesting subjects. The power of expression appears generally to exceed the wealth of ideas to be expressed. The religious painters of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance had never to look out for a subject; the modern painter has to look out for a subject, and he not seldom lights on one very remote from common interest. Happy is the stranger who gets an invitation to an Academy dinner; nowhere will he hear such after-dinner speaking or see so many men who are worth seeing.

It is curious that the finest extant works both of Greek and Assyrian art should meet under the same roof in London. British adventure has rifled the world almost like Roman conquest. The British Museum must be visited, were it only to see the sculpture of Phidias and those brought by Layard's enterprise and energy from Nineveh. Greek art was nothing short of a miracle. In form it remains supreme, as he who looks on the friezes of the Parthenon must own, though in depth and richness of sentiment it has been transcended by the widening mind and deepening heart of humanity.

If Science has any special centre, perhaps it is the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, over which Tyndall has just ceased to preside. There at all events the great men lecture, and there you can most easily get into connection with the scientific world. Should the British Science Association be sitting, there would be an opportunity of seeing all the most eminent men of science at once and at the same time of visiting some interesting place in England under the best auspices. But scientific institutions and facilities of all kinds abound; and everywhere, and not least in the literature which deals with religious belief and in the conversation of the educated classes on that subject, you will mark the rapid and resistless advance of the power which seems destined in the immediate future to assume the guidance of humanity.

The tradition that Englishmen enjoy their pleasures very sadly runs on like the traditions that they shoot themselves in November and sell their wives. But the English will now be hardly found wanting in the love of pleasure. They have in fact become an eminently pleasure-seeking and excitement-loving people. Since the Great Exhibition of 1851, which drew to London everybody who could afford it and a good many who could not, there has been a passion for excursions and every show place is now inundated by the crowds. London has theatres in abundance, and every imaginable equipment of pleasure. The out-of-door gaiety of the Boulevards is of course impossible in that climate. It is on the Marine Parade at Brighton or at one of the favourite watering-places that something like the aspect of the Boulevards will be found. A Frenchman finds the Sunday terribly dull; but he may solace himself to some extent by a trip to Richmond Terrace with its glorious view, to Greenwich Park, to Hampton Court, or some other junketing-place in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

The London Parks themselves, filled with citizens and their families on a fine evening, present London life perhaps in its pleasantest aspect. Those Parks are unequalled of their kind, especially since the Board of Works has improved their walks and made them gay with parterres of flowers. They are superior to the Central Park at New York in having broad lawns, stately shade trees, and large sheets of water; but above all in being in the centre of the city. Not only are they the recreation-grounds, but, together with the numerous squares, they form the lungs of London. Nor are they less essential to the moral than to the physical health of the people, especially of the young, who would otherwise be driven to the amusements of the streets, as our children will be in Toronto, when cruel folly, to save a trifling sum of money, shall have deprived us of the Queen's Park. It is sad to hear that the Crystal Palace at Sydenham is in imminent danger of being closed. To the name "Crystal," the strict devotees of the Lamp of Truth have perhaps been right in taking exception; but the place with its splendid gardens is a magnificent palace of the people. A fête at Versailles in the time of Louis XIV. got up at lavish expense, was enjoyed, as the old prints show us, by a few hundreds of privileged courtiers. A fête at the Crystal Palace is enjoyed by myriads. Here at all events is progress in happiness.

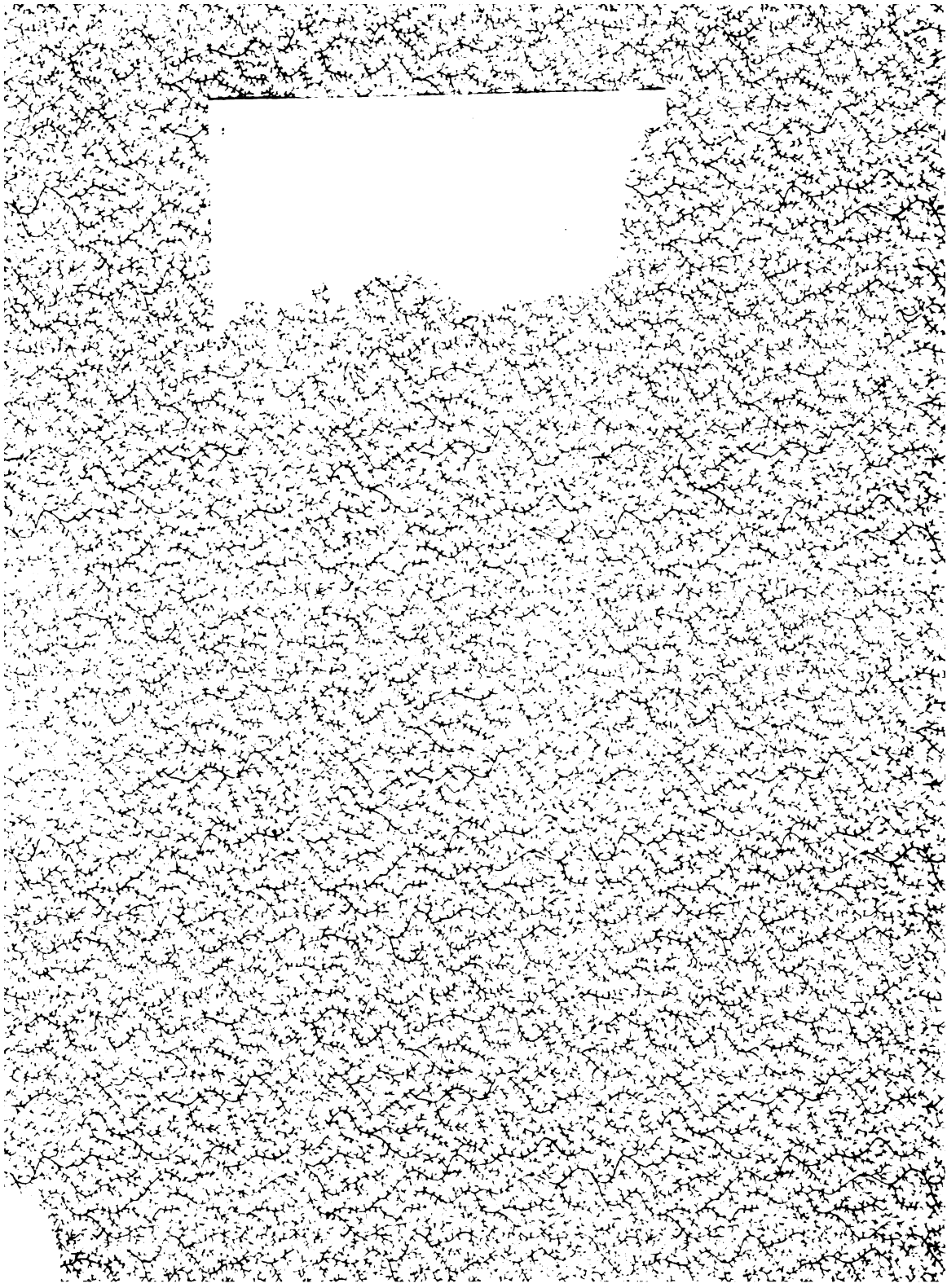
The grand popular fête in England, as everybody knows, is the Derby, and the curious may go from London to Epsom to see it as they would go to see a bullfight in Spain. In point of wholesomeness there is unhappily not much to choose between the two exhibitions. Probably the bullfight is the less extensively demoralizing of the two. The Turf in England is now neither more nor less than a vast national gambling-table, of which the devil is the croupier, and at which multitudes of gamblers take their places and meet their ruin who know nothing about horses and perhaps have never seen a race. You can hardly take up a country newspaper, especially in the North of England, without being made aware by its sporting column of the prevalence of this degrading and deadly mania. If Agrarianism would pass its plough over all the race-courses it would confer an unmixed benefit on the nation.

In enjoying the pleasures of London or any other great city, let us not forget the multitudes who minister to them, and whose own share of them is often small. Let us not be unkind to "Cabbie." Something has

been done for him of late, but his lot is still a hard one, and few of the slaves of civilization perhaps have a better claim to compassion. He must sit on his box in all weathers, often drenched to the skin, racked with rheumatism, yet obliged to drive on. To be near his stable he must live in miserable quarters, for which he pays very high. Hardly ever can he get an hour in his home. Sometimes he takes to night-work, as his only chance of seeing his wife and children in the day. He drives you very safely on the whole through the press of vehicles, though in the height of the season, besides the regular cabmen, a number of ephemeral "butterflies" are put on with very miscellaneous drivers. Inquiry will show that as a rule the cabman is respectable, and brings up his children as well as he can. His general honesty is proved by the great number of articles left in cabs and brought by the drivers to Scotland Yard. He is almost invariably civil to you if you are not, like too many, uncivil to him. His legal fares, it is believed, hardly do more than pay for the hire of his cab and horse, so that he must subsist practically on his gratuities. Do what he will it appears that his end too often is the workhouse.

A tribute to philanthropic London will fitly close this paper. It may be paid in no unstinted measure, as the number of great hospitals and charitable institutions proves. Of that let the stranger remind himself if he is tempted to censoriousness when he looks on the social sores and plague-spots of the Old World. Hitherto in this New World there has been room enough and plenty for all. Yet we are not exempt from the social problems. They begin to confront us even now.

THE END.



BDEC 5 - 1914